THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 29, 1930
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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The BYSTANDER

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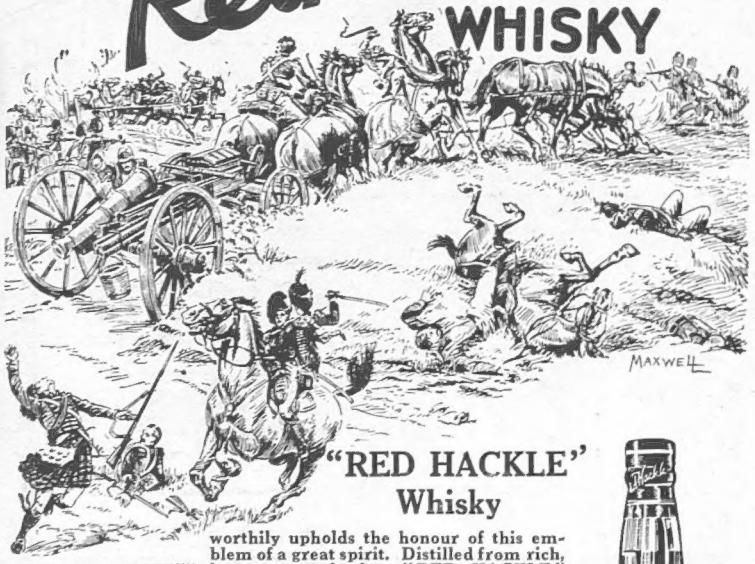

Jan. 1st, 1795, *the village of Guildermalsen was besieged by French Cavalry, who captured two guns. General Dundas ordered "Forty-second, for God's sake and the honour of your country, retake these guns!" With great gallantry they did this. As a reward the Black Watch (42nd) were ordered to mount the Cavalry's red plumes in their bonnets.*

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A GALLERY of GREAT GOLFERS

Separate art plates of celebrated golfers, from the portraits specially drawn from life by the distinguished artist

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this week

HARRY VARDON

and following weekly with

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in

The Illustrated
SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

On Sale on Friday — One Shilling

the BYSTANDER

PRINCESS MELIKOFF.

Australia's only Princess, whose marriage to Captain Prince Maximilian Melikoff, the younger son of General Prince Peter Melikoff de Somhelie, took place at Hobart in 1926. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Bury Curran of Hobart.

COOL AND FRESH

The Passing Hour

THE man behind the Naval Conference, which savours of a somewhat melodramatic introduction, is Sir Maurice Hankey, who is Secretary in Chief of the entire meeting, or what, in a more prosaic sphere, is known as the stage manager. It is he who has to settle those vexatious questions of precedence and procedure, such as drafting the seating plan of the delegates in the House of Lords, that constantly arise. As, however, he has been Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence—his antagonism to the Channel Tunnel is well known—and the Cabinet as well as Clerk of the Privy Council for many years, and occupied such positions as British Secretary to the Peace Conference, the Washington Conference and the Genoa Conference, the work must be mere routine by now. He will follow the deliberations with much of the critical knowledge of the expert, for he has served in the Naval Intelligence Department. Sir Maurice endures a certain amount of chaff because his birthday happens to fall on April 1, but such coincidence has proved as little a disadvantage to him as to Bismarck, who also arrived on earth on April Fool's Day.

The Prince's Guide

THE Prince of Wales must have heard of the fog that shrouded the Royal car on its passage from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords with mingled feelings of concern for the King and satisfaction that no such be-sooted interloper could obscure the African sun. Throughout his game-shooting he will be accompanied by that distinguished explorer and hunter, Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton, whose knowledge and accuracy of aim in a tight corner can provide against any sinister contingency.

British Illustration

An amazing example of physical strength is shown by this Indian street entertainer, who lifts a blanket containing half a hundredweight of stones by means of his eyes. The cords bearing the weight are attached to small wooden cups fitting into the eye sockets

£3,500 *IN TWO HOURS!* *E.N.A.*

Mlle. Flora Jellinek, a Viennese Society woman, who, while motoring on the Riviera, dropped into the Casino at Nice after dinner. Within two hours she had won no less than £3,500, whereupon she returned to her hotel and left for Italy early the following morning

A Golfing Story

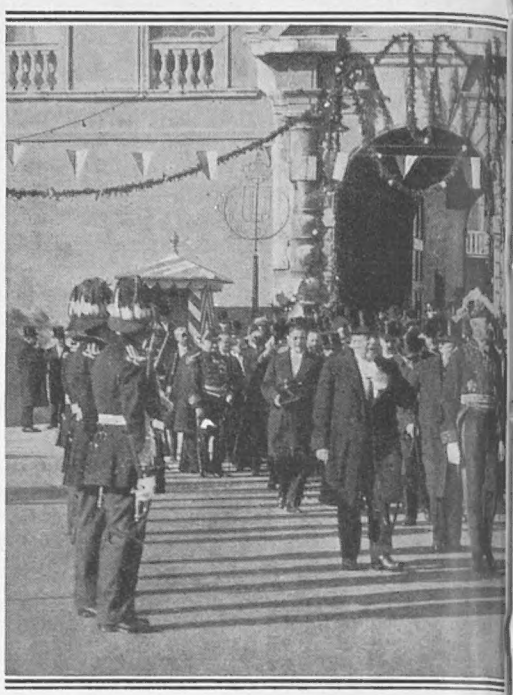
ONLY last week at Sunningdale a friend of his was repeating a story of when Finch-Hatton was playing golf for Oxford in the annual match against Cambridge. It appeared that at several holes he did not ask his opponent to sink short putts which might conceivably have rolled astray. A friend protested: "Look here," he said, "you might remember that you are playing for Oxford and not for yourself."

"You might also remember," came the reply, "that you are playing for neither."

OUR EVER-YOUTHFUL DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Photographs *Sport and General*

Despite his seventy-nine years, the Duke of Connaught is as active as ever and takes a keen interest in the various activities on the Riviera, where he is so popular. The top photograph shows W. T. Tilden, the famous American lawn tennis player, shooting out his hand on being presented to the Duke at the World's Championship Professional Tournament at Beaulieu, which was won by Karl Kozeluh. Below the Duke, with whom is Mrs. Satterthwaite, is chatting with Mr. Jack Hillyard on Finals day of the same tournament



Prince Louis of Monaco reviewing the troops at Monaco. birthday celebrations, which

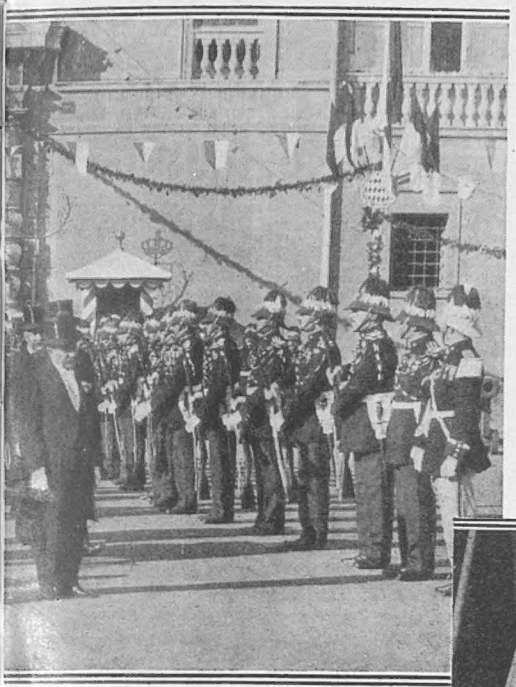
Playtime in Town

WHATEVER is happening elsewhere some of the London restaurants are certainly very busy. The most popular of the supper restaurants (although there is a pretty good attendance for dinner) is the Café de Paris, and the reasons for it are several.

First of all, its oval shape, balcony and lighting all combine to give it a very intimate and cheerful atmosphere; secondly, the orchestra and floor are as good as they can be. The orchestra, under Mr. Arthur Lalley, does not play the most eccentric and just noisy numbers, and it plays to the time that most dancers prefer. Thirdly, the cabaret, though not long, is always original and in the best of taste. A new trio there who call themselves " That Certain Trio " are making their first appearance, and are not only very talented but are a very good-looking party. Anne de Nys, who plays at the piano and sings, is a very attractive girl; William Walker, who also plays simultaneously at another piano, is an American born of English parents; while the third, Patrick Waddington, who has made a name for himself in the theatre, has got a charming voice and deserves all the encores that he helps to get. First-class performers like these are much more what the public want than some of the eccentrics.

The fourth attraction at the Café de Paris is the service and cuisine, which should compel some other restaurants I will not name to look to

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK



Sport and General

The photograph was taken during the Prince's took place this month

their laurels. This is largely due to the tact and energy of Conti, the restaurant manager.

The fifth, last but not least, are the patrons, who, after all is said and done, make a restaurant. The other night I observed, among others, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lord Molyneux, Lady Ancaster, Sir Victor Warrender, Lord and Lady Brecknock, The Earl of Portarlington, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir Anthony Weldon, Capt. The Hon. and Mrs. Richard Norton, Lady Rachel Stuart, Lady Kindersley, Sir Mackay Edgar (who is a regular habitué) and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who watched the proceedings from the balcony. There were also several well-known theatrical people, and I was glad, among others, to see Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry enjoying herself.

Boxing at Monte

MONTE CARLO is nothing if not versatile, and recently we had an evening's "boxe" which was so well attended (it was up at the Beau Soliel Casino) that I thought many people must have been completely squashed. However, they turned up again later in the evening at the Sporting Club, all very thirsty (as we had all shouted a good deal), having enjoyed ourselves, writes our Riviera Correspondent.

A Close Battle

ONE remarkable thing about the big fight was that we none of us had any idea who had won at the end of fifteen most excellent rounds. However, by this morning's *Eclaireur* I see that it was adjudged a draw between Raphael (the lightweight champion of France) and Ferret (the challenger, who was, incidentally, a Beau Soleil man). Everyone loves an evening

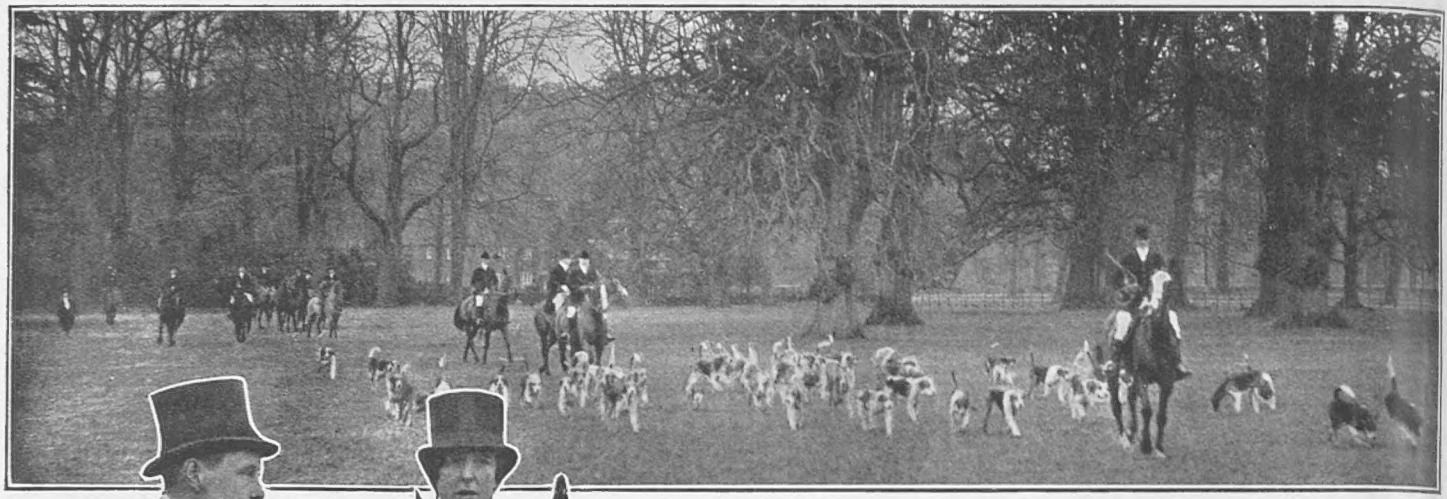
Sport and General

Lord Charles Hope, who is a keen lawn tennis player, and very well known on the Riviera, where he plays in tournaments a lot during the season, with Miss Padwick and Madame Jung. The photograph was taken on the courts during the recent Cannes Lawn Tennis Tournament, for which many very well-known players entered again this year

Photographs Pacific and Atlantic and Photopress

Mr. Ronald Guthrie McNair Scott and his bride, the Hon. Mary Cecilia Berry, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, who were married last week. Above the bridal attendants are seen leaving Christ Church, Long Cross, Surrey, after the ceremony

HUNTING DAYS AND HUNTING PEOPLE



THE FIELD MOVES OFF Alfieri

A picturesque view of the West Kent Foxhounds. They are seen crossing the park after hounds had met at Brasted Place. The pack, which comprises thirty couple, is hunted by Mr. George M. Davidson

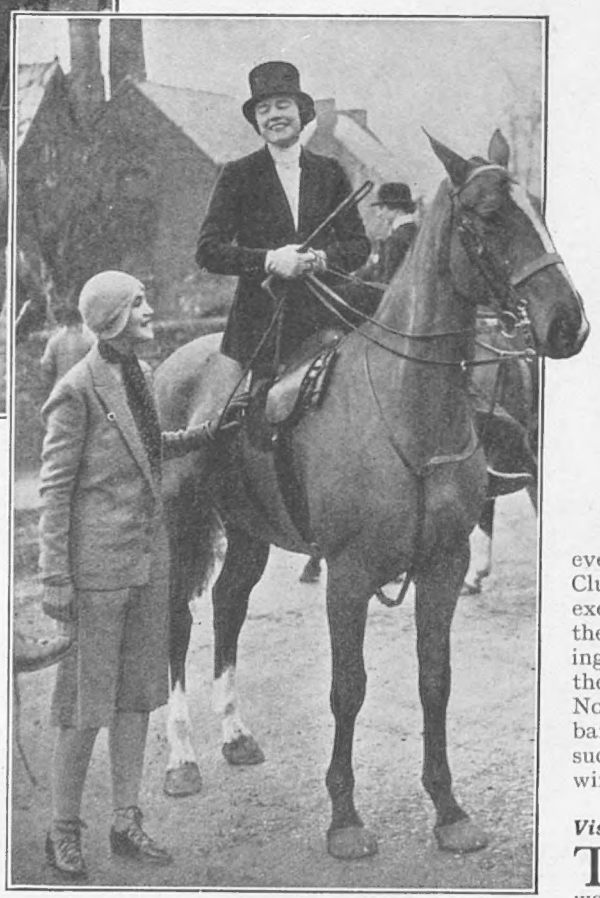
L.N.A.

The Duke of Norfolk out with the Quorn at the Hunt Ball meet, which was held at Melton Mowbray. He is seen chatting with Lady Londonderry, who is a regular rider to hounds

de Boxe, and I saw General Pole Gell and Sir Walter de Frece in the front row, with Sir Harry Samuel next to him, Colonel Balsan, who had motored in from Eze with a big party of friends, and quite a lot of the foremost lawn tennis players, including Wurm, the Danish champion, and Mrs. Satterthwaite, who is a great boxing "fan."

Birthday Celebrations

THE town is tremendously en fête for the Prince of Monaco's birthday, which is always a very great event, and the fireworks, which I look forward to more than almost any other festivity on the Côte d'Azur, were amazingly beautiful, with the great cascades and fountains of changing lights showing the big harbour full of yachts lying at anchor and the great Rock of Monaco behind. Even the trams were decorated with great clusters of white and scarlet (the Monaco colours), and there was a colossal crowd in the Casino square to see all the well-known folk arriving at the theatre, which, of course, the Prince attended also. Afterwards everyone met at the Sporting Club, and there was a general exodus to the Cabaret Club in the early hours of the morning, many enthusiasts dancing the entire night to the famous Noble Sissle and his Nigger band, which has made such a succès fou in Monte Carlo this winter.



Topical Press

Lady Rosebery seen at a meet of the Whaddon Chase at Winslow. Although he had decided not to seek re-election as Master, Lord Rosebery, at the request of the Hunt Committee, stood again and was re-elected

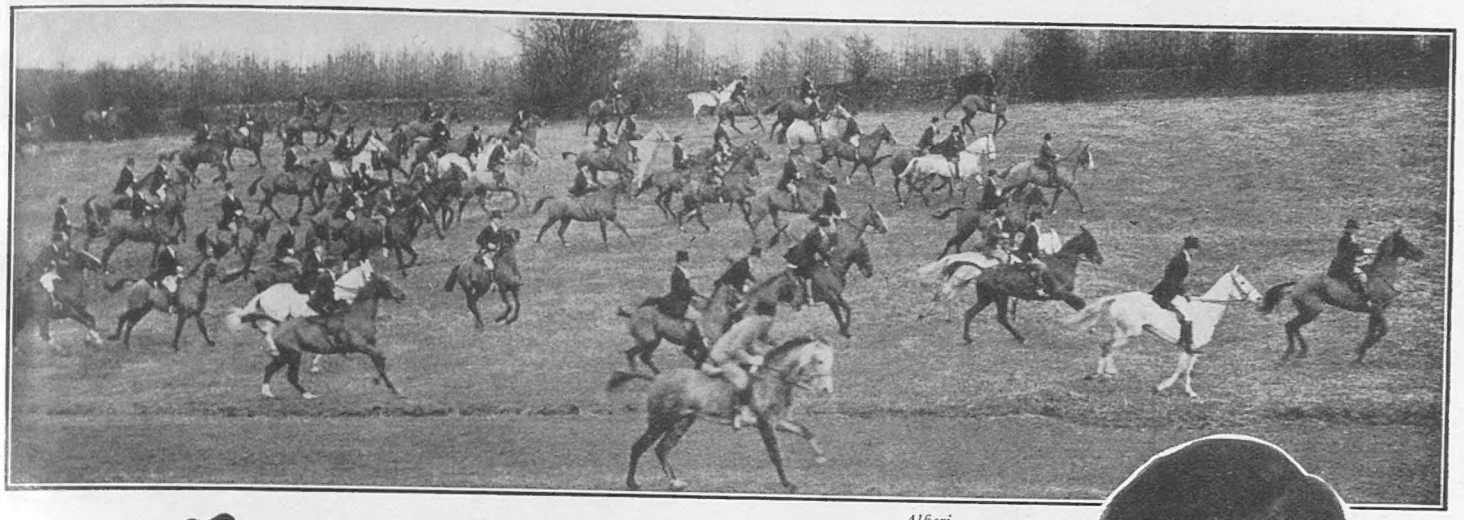
L.N.A.

Miss Loeffler, whose engage was recently announced, at Burrough-on-the-Hill. She is

Visitors to Cannes

THERE are a great many new arrivals in Cannes this week, and I was quite surprised to see how many new faces I saw in the few days I had been away. Lord and Lady Glenconner are two of the most

PLAYTIME ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR



Alfieri

The large field which turned out for the "After the Ball" meet of the Cotswold streaming after the hounds. The meet took place at Shipton Oliffe Manor, near Cheltenham

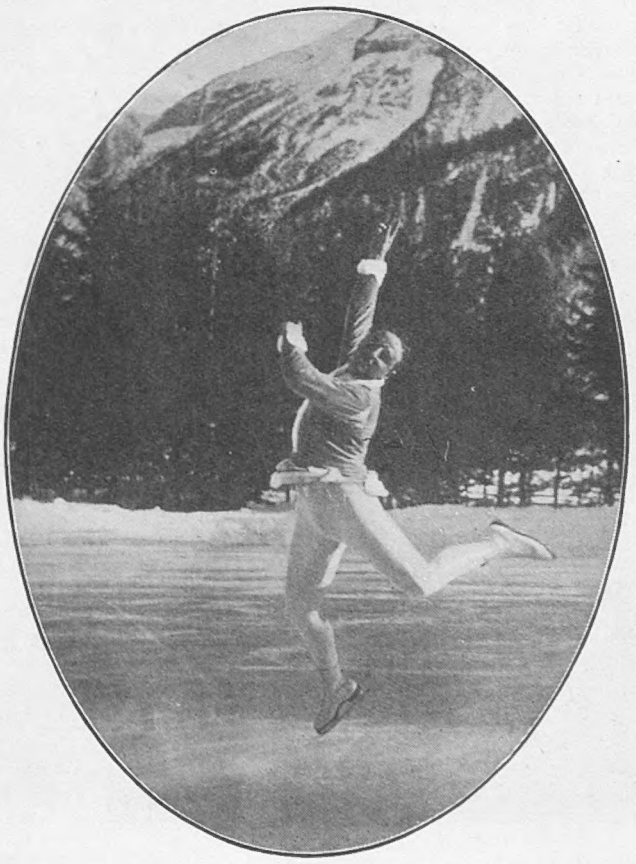
L.N.A.

ment to Mr. J. F. Gretton, Junior, the meet of the Cottesmore at seen with Colonel John Gretton, M.P.

recent, and they have taken Mr. W. J. Locke's lovely villa, "Les Acades" (which has one of the most charming gardens and best views in Cannes), for the rest of the season. M. Van Dongen, the well-known painter (who seems as fond of his pipe as Mr. Baldwin, since one hardly ever sees him without it), is here also, and two more well-known personalities are Mr. Gerald Barry and Mr. Davidson.

Some Well-known Visitors

SIR WALTER DE FRECE has been over to spend a day or two with the Solly Joels on board the Eileen, where they have got quite a family party, with the Duke and Duchess de Laurino and Miss Eileen Joel.



Mr. F. Perren, the champion skater of the Bernese Oberland. He is seen giving an exhibition of fancy skating on the rink at Kandersteg, which is one of the most popular winter sports centres in Switzerland

Lenare

LADY KATHERINE FITZMAURICE

The elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne. She made her first appearance in Society when she accompanied her parents to the Beaufort Hunt Ball, which took place this month

I went to a very good "gala" at the Hôtel Carlton, where, as usual, there are a lot of well-known people staying. One of the big attractions of this hotel is that one is really in the very centre of things and can step straight on the tennis courts or on to the Croisette. Another honeymoon couple, Mr. and Mrs. "Nick" Prinsep, have arrived, and gave at the Restaurant Ambassadors their first dinner party (a very good one) since their marriage.

Next Week:
THE RIVIERA SEASON
by Our Correspondent
—
Mrs. Satterthwaite
on
RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Racing and Fashions

THERE has been most perfect weather for the racing at Nice, and a big crowd came out to see the Prix de Monte Carlo, which was won by Dictator, incidentally. The paddock was very full, and I saw some of the *very* latest words in fur coats de luxe. One always sees the advance fashions of the coming season on the Riviera, and this year

L.N.A.

Sir Louis Bernhard Baron and Lady Baron (on left) and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron after receiving bouquets and a lucky horseshoe presented to them at the Black Cat Ball, which was held by Carreras Ltd. at the Opera House, Covent Garden. It is an annual feature and is always a marked success

the Nice Club arranged in honour of Sir R. Barnett, who with Sir George Thomas and other very famous masters of the game, are all playing. The Maisonette Russe is one of the most cheery and intime places I know in which to spend an evening. The music is so marvellous and one always sees so many well-known people there. Last night I saw the Marquise Villanova with a very cheery party of friends. Jan Kubelik's concert is another feature of the season.

Lenare

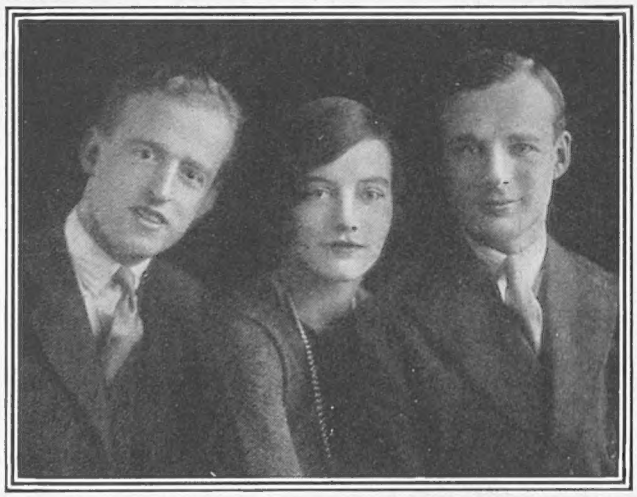
Miss Jean Elspeth Anderson, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Anderson, of Standen Manor, Hungerford, Berks, who has recently become engaged to Captain Geoffery Fielden. Captain Fielden is the youngest son of Mr. E. B. Fielden, M.P., of Court of Hill, Tenbury, Worcestershire, and is in the 7th Hussars

On the Lawn Tennis Courts

BEAULIEU is the centre of interest amongst lawn tennis players, as the Professional Championship of France is taking place there all this week. All the famous "pros" are playing, and I saw "Bill" Tilden and many amateurs amongst the ranks of the spectators. As usual, Karl Kozeluh is very much to the fore, and the Duke of Connaught, who takes a very keen interest in the club, presented the new challenge cup to the winner.

The Dowager Lady Glentanar is expected at the Villa Galle very shortly; while I hear that Mr. Augustus John and his family may be arriving quite soon to stay in a lovely villa which has been lent them by Sir James Dunn. Lady Portal is a new arrival also, and she has taken a very lovely little Provençal villa belonging to Mrs. "Dick" Warde for the season.

I see even more interesting changes than usual. The Sultan of Johore was walking about chatting to some friends, and M. Zographos, looking very carefree, was taking a breath of fresh air before motoring back to Cannes to take the bank at the big baccarat table as usual. Count Gautier Vigual and the Berry Walls I saw also. There is a very interesting chess tournament going at



"THAT CERTAIN TRIO" *Vaughan & Freeman*

The clever trio of entertainers now at the Café de Paris. This is their first appearance and judging by their popularity it is a great success. They are Pat Waddington, Anne de Nys, and William Walker

"Safety First" with the Guns

ON pages 212 and 213 will be found a double page of photographs which illustrate some of the ways gun accidents occur—and can be prevented—in the shooting field. Mr. Robert D. Robertson, the famous coach and practical gunmaker of the Regent Shooting Ground, Rowley Green, Barnet Bye-Pass Road, Herts, was responsible for the demonstration.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Thanks to the good weather holding we are enjoying excellent sport, and with experience many newcomers to the jumping game are showing great promise of winning form. Here are a few more horses to note as likely winners.

MOONTOY is an ideal horse for the hurdles, and made a great impression on his first appearance at Newbury when he ran second to Arctic Star in a field of twenty-one. He was well ridden by W. Payne.

SILVER GRAIL won smartly at Haydock Park early in the month, and W. Parvin made a bold bid for victory at Newbury in the Moderate Handicap Hurdle Race (two miles). Finished second. He will pay to follow.

ROI DE SABA, a fine Roi Herode colt, put up a smart performance in running Clear Cash to half a length in the Weyhill Hurdle (two miles) at Newbury. Was well backed when finishing sixth in a mile and a half race at Kempton on Boxing Day.

CORDUROY made his first appearance over the sticks at Newbury, and finished fifth in a field of eighteen. Coulthwaite will polish him up for victory before many weeks are over. Corduroy showed great promise as a jumper.

MARTIAN was a genuine order at Leicester for the January Hurdle (two miles) and was only three-quarters of a length behind Bob Stone at the finish. Ran very well at Wolverhampton in December.

SANSTROUSE ran well to split Appledore and Winter Royal in a two miles hurdle at Leicester. A game performance. Over the same course in December was fifth to Duke of Florence.

AT THE PLAY

HOME AND COLONIAL By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety, by H. H. HARRIS

The inevitable musical comedy lovers indulge in a dance in which Vera Lennox helps Harold French to give his peculiar-looking dress suit exercise

"The White Assegai," at the Playhouse

THE curtain rises on *The White Assegai*, by Allan King, and we find ourselves on the Stoep of the Residency at M'Soi, in Africa, an ideal home, so far as architecture is concerned, but made less pleasant as a residence, thanks to the propinquity of two bands of natives willing, even anxious, to cut each other's throats. In fact, they would be always at this entertaining job were not Commissioner Hardress Mackenzie's influence with one of the bands (as was his father's and his grandfather's before him) Something Terrific!

BUT this native commissioner is married to a nagging woman who doesn't like Africa, for which she can hardly be blamed, and she persuades her husband to promise to throw up his job and return to England. Directly this promise has been extorted a white assegai hurtles through the air from the neighbourhood of the prompt corner of the stage as a warning that the natives do not appreciate the weakness of their white chief in thus yielding to feminine pressure and deserting them.

FOR reasons best known to himself the author then switches us on to a side track, which is where the stationmaster's cottage at M'Soi is situated. Stationmaster Giles has brought a Cockney wife from England, and she also doesn't like Africa. Follows an amusing comedy scene, it must be confessed, but even though it closes with the attempted rape of the Cockney wife—which is not intended to be amusing—by a native servant, and the shooting of that servant by the naturally annoyed husband, helped by a Boer farmer, it doesn't carry the story much farther.

IN the last act, consequently, much has to be crowded in. A love affair between a police officer and a hospital nurse has to be rounded off what time a battery is keeping the two native bands from indulging in a fine old scrap. Another white assegai is hurled upon the stage as a further warning to the commissioner to stick to his job; while a third, later on, sticks to him and punctures him poisonously in the leg, so poisonously that he dies, and the native chief of the tribe, just to show his friendship, commits suicide at his master's feet.

ALONG and dull play only relieved by some good comedy in the second act, in which Phyllis Shand played really well as the Cockney wife. She gave a touch of reality to this part, as did the author, but he was not so generous to other members of the cast, of whom Godfrey Tearle was invaluable as the commissioner and William Heilbronn made much of the native chief. The only originality in the part of the Scottish doctor, with which Ernest Thesiger wrestled, was that he perpetually drank gin and not whisky!

"The Man in Possession," at the Ambassadors Theatre

I HAVE seldom enjoyed a light comedy more than *The Man in Possession*, by H. M. Harwood, which on the first night

Berty Bundy (George Clarke) gives his wife Bubbles (Wyn Richmond) an "xxx"-tra thin time while tin tin abulating on the trombone

THE GAIETY MIXTURE AS BEFORE

at the Ambassadors was received with almost continuous laughter. Compared with what comes afterwards, the first act starts a little slowly, but nevertheless the initial situation, in which a n'er-do-well son returns to the bosom of his family after having been imprisoned for indulging in a motor car deal on too small a scale, is full of quiet humour.

THE prodigal finds his father and brother anxious to get rid of him, but he is averse from leaving England, though quite willing to quit home, and, as it transpires, finding beauty when he does so. The arm of coincidence finds him as a sheriff's officer in the house of a widow to whom his brother is engaged to be married. The latter believes his fiancée to be wealthy, and she has the same idea about her intended. Both are wrong.

Neil McKay and Ella Logan singing something about "Shooing the Blues" or "Keep the sun in your hearts"

George Clarke, once again, seizing his chance to do his little song and dance

THE charming ex-convict makes himself useful and dons a footman's uniform, and the shock to the family when they come to dine with the widow the same evening may be imagined! But the criminal hero becomes more than a footman to the lady with many admirers, most of whom have intentions entirely dishonourable. He becomes her lover, and they finally agree to go abroad with the money he has extorted from his brother and get married on the voyage out. "Why marriage?" asks the lady not unnaturally. "So as to keep within the immigration laws," reminds her lover, and stresses the suitability of the match in that he is a thief and she is "a lady in seduced circumstances"!

THIS, shortly, is the plot of the play written with an abundance of wit and high spirits which sometimes are delicately indelicate. A perfect after-dinner show for the frivolous, while for those who enjoy stronger meat the curtain raiser *In the Zone*, by Eugene O'Neill, should on no account be missed.

RAYMOND MASSEY in both plays—which afford an actor an opportunity for showing versatility—is admirable. In the comedy he plays with a finesse and sly humour; in the curtain raiser his performance is powerful. Isabel Jeans as the light-o'-love lady extracts every ounce of humour from her part. Clever studies of stodgy suburbaninity are given by Paul Gill and Walter Piers; while cameos of a broker's man by Stafford Hilliard and a dirty knight by Ivo Dawson are full of observation.

"Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety

ONCE again Manager Laddie Cliff has staged a musical comedy at the Gaiety Theatre in which reliance is placed on humour to attract. Not in *Darling, I Love You*, is there any notable spectacle, and even the chorus is relegated to a secondary position—a somewhat rare event nowadays. As for the plot, it is negligible, its only duty seemingly being to engineer a quarrel between hero and heroine to bring down the curtain on the first act and give an excuse for a second.

DOUBTLESS the fun will be intensified as the run proceeds, for on the opening performance the first act was dull, and gave George Clarke but few opportunities for being funny. In the second act he gets chances and seizes on them, and proves himself "a silly ass" comedian who has no difficulty in exciting laughter. He is aided and abetted by Neil McKay—well known on the music-halls—who, like George Clarke, is an accomplished eccentric dancer. Vera Lennox and Harold French provide the love interest, and Wyn Richmond does well in none too good a part.

Sir Arthur Pinero

THIS week one of our elder dramatists will be much in the public eye, for in addition to the revival of *Dandy Dick* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, Sir Arthur Pinero has given to the public in book form two plays of his, *Dr. Harmer's Holiday* and *Child Man*, which have never been acted. I hope at a later date to see this rectified. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that he describes the modern "producer" an excrescence of the theatre! V. W.

Tom Shale—of the Sonorous Yacht Club?—as the Vulgar Boatman

BY A. R. CANE

THE VICAR: *"The collection this morning will be taken in aid of the Arch Fund and not as erroneously printed in the Parish Magazine in aid of the Arch Fiend"*

How to Avoid—

When you cross a fence or stile,
Taking care will prove worth while.
Point your barrel at the ground
Or accidents will sure abound.

Don't be reckless, keep your nerve,
And than the other man's preserve.
To shoot in line brings aquels dire,
So keep your head and hold your fire.

When crossing gates, you MUST take
Your gun's not pointing in the air,
And when you've crossed, still bear in mind
A friend may follow close behind.

—Accidents in Shooting

Photographs Sport and General

ARE YOU "STARRED"?

L.N.A.

A large number of children were present at the meet of the Quorn Hounds at Broombriggs. The picture shows the Master, Major Burnaby, giving a few hints before moving off

IN the three photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred," if they will send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. *NOTE:* Applications must be made within a week after publication except in cases of pictures taken abroad. This feature will be continued from week to week, so look out for it in our next issue and see if you are one of those selected

Topical

Hounds at the meet of the Craven Hunt at Welford Park, Berks, following the Hunt Ball, which was held at the Newbury Corn Exchange. Both these functions were attended by many well-known hunting people

Sport and General

A typical January scene at the famous bathing place at Funchal, Madeira. This popular resort is always frequented by a crowd of people in search of winter warmth and sunshine

The American photographer's caption for the above reads as follows: "Officer Ray Doherty of a Chicago detective bureau squad, who was wounded in the hand and forearm in a battle with racketeer gunmen in the offices of the Tire Workers and Repair Vulcanizers Union. In the melée three of the gunmen were killed after having attempted to extort $10,000 from Michael Powers"

CRIME in AMERICA

No. 2. The Hold-up Fiends

By Collinson Owen

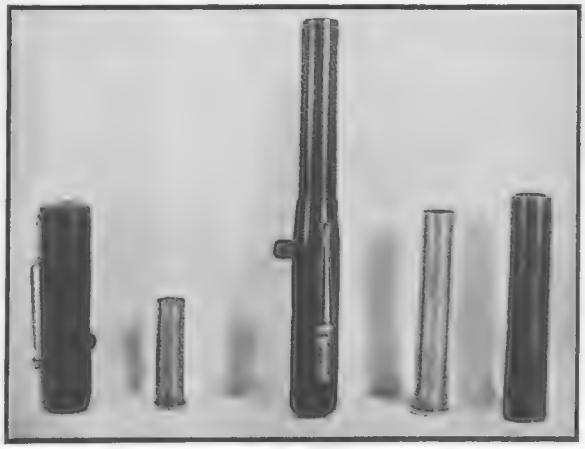
IN England the psychology of the American stick-up man—and his victim—is very little understood. There are two essential differences. First, with us, if a miscreant pointed a revolver the natural instinct of many of us would be to reach for the first thing to throw at him. Secondly, we should feel that he would never dare to shoot. The response of our law is so nearly certain and so certainly severe that practically no criminal dreams of carrying a revolver. It is one of the strongest arguments we have in favour of capital punishment.

BUT in America our English psychology would lead us utterly astray, and almost certainly result in a bullet in the stomach. If a bandit says, "Put 'em up!" —up they must go. There is practically no exception to this rule. No American thinks of disobeying such an order. It applies to the street. It applies to receptions or dances where occasionally we read that a company of scores or even hundreds is held up and "cleaned out" by three or four men.

WRITING about crime in Chicago Mr. Edward D. Sullivan says that when he was on a newspaper in that city in 1919 "is was nothing uncommon to have two hundred hold-ups reported nightly at the newspaper offices. Some twenty or thirty of these would be detailed briefly." An interesting commentary on this is that since the days of Prohibition this class of crime has decreased somewhat in Chicago, as the casual stick-up men found more profitable employment in supporting the various "beer barons" as salaried gunmen.

THE idea of a man holding both hands above his head before the pistol of a street ruffian is one which has received more than its fair share of humorous attention in the comic illustrated weeklies. The picture of the victim, his face convulsed by terror, his hair standing on end, is one which draws a smile from people sitting comfortably in flats or clubs.

BUT in fact there is nothing humorous whatever in such incidents. Scores of thousands of which are adventures of the most terrifying description; adventures which are accompanied by the foulest abuse and the roughest treatment; which may at the slightest involuntary movement end fatally; which put the victim in the most humiliating and desperate situation a man can be; which must immediately reduce the bowels of the bravest to water, because a man knows that the next moment he may be lying in the gutter, shot like a dog, with his wife wondering hour by hour what has happened to him.



CHICAGO GANGSTERS' FOUNTAIN PEN GUNS

One of Chicago's fountain pen guns with its cartridges. The largest, seen on the right, is for tear gas. The trigger is the little knob at the bottom of the pen case

THE amount that crime costs America in money is often referred to. It runs to a colossal toll of millions. But what is much less often thought about is the dire shock that happens, year by year, to scores of thousands of citizens. An average hold-up is a three-line news item, or less. But to the victim it may be a foul experience that affects him for life.

IT is natural enough, perhaps, that the newspapers should pay so little attention to that sort of thing. It would became slightly monotonous if the newspapers printed, year by year, a daily hundred of "stories" beginning, "I was walking home, after an evening at the Literary Circle, when suddenly out of the gloom . . ."

BUT all the same it is precisely that sort of personal drama that is happening constantly, and we are fortunate in being able to draw on a vivid description of a typical hold-up, given by a Chicago writer who was robbed one night on Michigan Avenue, which may be called Chicago's Regent Street. He recounts one adventure within another, and this is how it goes.

"STRANGELY enough as, with my head bowed, I hurried along under the railroad at Sixteenth Street, I was thinking of what happened to a friend of mine in Orange, New Jersey, the week before. He left his apartment in the evening after dinner to post a letter in the box on a lamp-post at a corner, not forty yards away. His wife, watching from the window, noticed a little quick spurt of light, like the flare of a match,* as

* Presumably from a pistol fitted with a silencer.

he passed a clump of bushes on the way out, but she heard no sound. Then she and her mother waited half an hour for his return. Becoming alarmed they started out. Something came crawling painfully on its hands and knees up the stairs. The thing was her husband. He had been robbed, shot through the abdomen, and he died within the hour. As a shuddering realisation of what my own mother and wife would feel if I were brought in to them that way began to chill my blood, a sudden voice at my elbow growled 'Stick 'em up!'

"I WILL remember to my dying day the swift, suffocating surprise of that pistol thrust in my face. I saw service in the World War, but that revolver looked deadlier than a machine-gun. Not another soul except the two robbers was in sight. I knew their threat of instant death contained no pretence. They led me far down an alley. All the while I could feel that cold pistol barrel on my neck. A cry for help, the slightest movement of resistance, would cost me my life. More than that, I knew that any unintentional movement of my hands or feet, that might be misinterpreted by these scoundrels, would cause them to fire. I thought of my dead friend in Orange, New Jersey.

"ANGRY death kept shaking his fist in my face. Whispered curses and threats continually stunned my ears. I had met criminals in the way of my profession many times before, but always as their physical equal. Now I stood there submitting to a humiliating search of my person, completely terrorised by ferocious curses and contemptuous threats. I fully expected to be beaten at the finish. I knew it was the habit of footpads to maltreat their victims.

"I STOOD returned to primitive helplessness. Mere existence swirled uncertainly. Society, as I had figured it to be, ended there in my helpless terror. Never before had I realised what the protection of the law meant to a citizen; now the need of the law fell crashing and sudden, as a lightning bolt. A new sense of our social organisation dawned on me in that alley as the two primitive savages slunk away into the darkness."

IT may not be the perfect description of a hold-up, but it is very close to it. Night after night, all over the United States, this sort of thing goes on. I think we may agree that the hold-up aspect of American crime is in itself a social evil of the most formidable proportions. C. O.

ENGLAND'S RUGGER TRIUMPH

Central News

W. H. Sobey, the English scrum half, getting the ball away to R. S. Spong during the recent Rugger International at Cardiff Arms Park. The English Team, although composed largely of new caps, achieved a remarkable victory

Central Press

England getting away with the ball in loose play: J. C. Morley (Wales) is on the far left, and H. G. Periton on the far right. They beat Wales by the comfortable margin of 11 points to 3 "The Bystander" was one of the few newspapers which gave hopes of an English victory

Sport and General

The English XV at half-time. Prominent in the group are J. S. R. Reeve (14), W. H. Sobey (9), and R. S. Spong, the stand-off half (10), and A. L. Novis on the far left. Sixty thousand people paid for admission, although by no means all had a view of the match

MADELEINE CARROLL

Fred Daniels

The British screen and stage star who is playing lead opposite Charles Laughton in the revival of Reginald Berkeley's amusing war play, "French Leave," at the Vaudeville. Film lovers also have had ample opportunity to see her of late, for she plays a leading part in the great British talkie, "Atlantic," which was presented at the Alhambra

if gossip we must

WHILE the Delegates to the Naval Conference are sipping their orangeade at St. James's Palace let us turn our attention for a short moment to the doings of the Liquor Commission. These have been, for the most part, mighty dull, so dull, in fact, that there is a danger of the evidence not being read and a good deal of it not even reported.

This is a pity, for in its languid and unimaginative way the Commission seems to be groping towards less and not greater freedom. One small instance is sufficient to show in what direction the wind is blowing. The anomaly was pointed out of public-houses closing on one side of Oxford Street at 10 p.m. and on the other side at 11 p.m. Ways were suggested of remedying this, but not the obvious one of letting all such places close at 11 p.m. Not on your life. That would have given the over-taxed, over-legislated private individual a spot more liberty. So it was considered a fair compromise to knock half an hour off the hours of opening all round, and make 10.30 the time for the forced exodus into the streets of thousands of law-abiding, non-drunken individuals, without whose indirect contributions to the revenue the teetotal fanatics who tyrannise over them would have a large sum tacked on to their income tax.

By Howard K. Elcock

LADY (*criticising fashionable portrait*): "Surely she's had her face lifted?"

ARTIST: "Ah, my dear lady, don't forget that in these days beauty's only skin tight!"

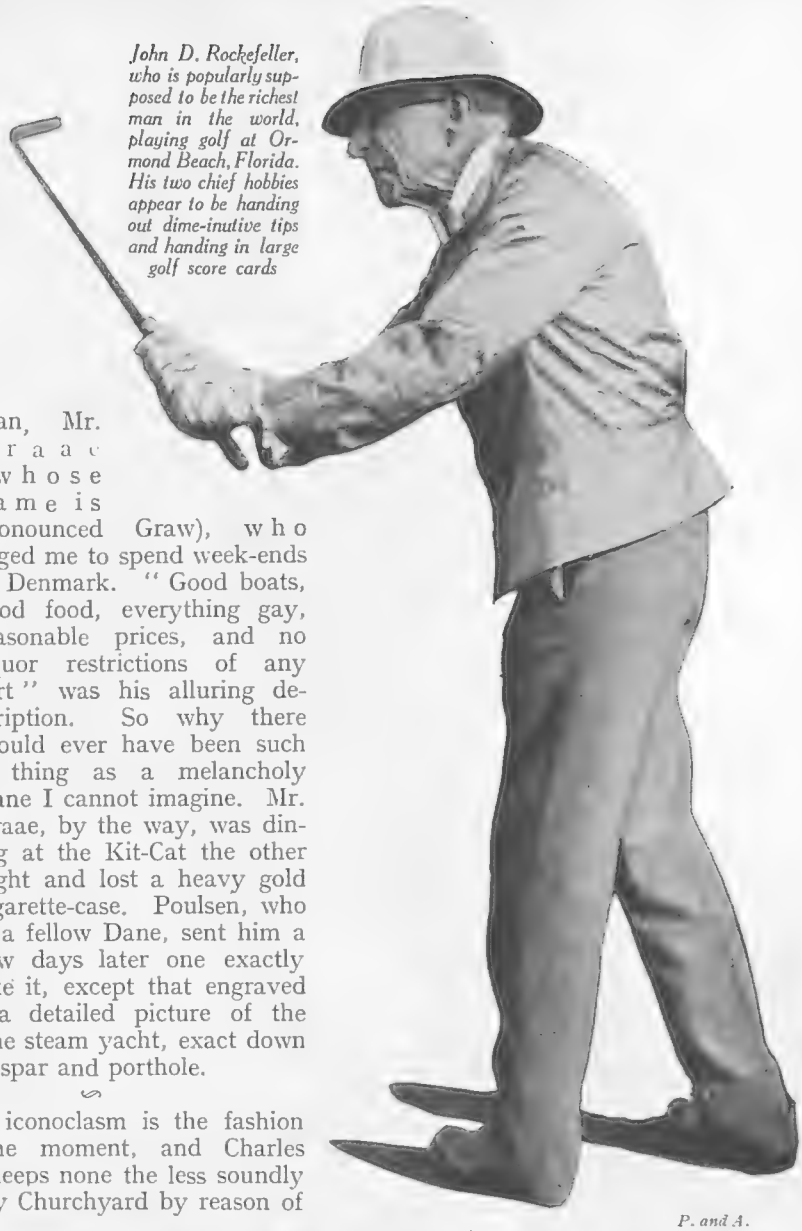
De Carlos and Louise, a pair of remarkably clever dancers, whose debut in London was made at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. Of Irish and Italian-Irish parentage respectively, they appeared with great success in Earl Carroll's "Varieties" and George White's "Scandals" in New York

I SPOKE last week of the raids on clubs. Now we have a Police Commissioner in his evidence talking of "informers." He is diffident about them, of course. "We don't want to use such methods," is the line of argument, "but, still, if . . ." And so forth. If informers are to be used in order to prevent members of clubs of the very first standing (since, in all justice, the rule must be applied everywhere) having, say, a whisky and soda after a visit to the theatre, I shall be interested to learn who will play such parts and how they will be able to play them. For anyone who is not a member (or a guest waiting for a member) to get past the lynx-eyed porters of the clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street is as near an impossibility as anything I know. There remains, then, only such courses as (i) the suborning of certain members, paid to act as spies in their own clubs, which is surely unthinkable; or (ii) the bribing of club servants, whom I have always found to be a loyal and honest set of men (and women). All that I can suggest is—*watch the window cleaner; he may be an informer in disguise.* Or perhaps the club cat—cats are highly intelligent and deceitful creatures—will be trained, by constant offers of police milk, to rush to Scotland Yard and mew whenever she detects illicit drinking.

By Norman Kay

"Seen the Matterhorn yet?"

"Nope. I never read foreign journals"



John D. Rockefeller, who is popularly supposed to be the richest man in the world, playing golf at Ormond Beach, Florida. His two chief hobbies appear to be handing out dime-inutive tips and handing in large golf score cards

P. and A.

WHAT nonsense it all is! Why have the great English-speaking peoples of the world developed this strange passion to make themselves as uncomfortable as possible? The smaller nations have a much better time of it. I have just been talking to that popular Danish yachtsman, Mr. Graae (whose name is pronounced Graw), who urged me to spend week-ends in Denmark. "Good boats, good food, everything gay, reasonable prices, and no liquor restrictions of any sort" was his alluring description. So why there should ever have been such a thing as a melancholy Dane I cannot imagine. Mr. Graae, by the way, was dining at the Kit-Cat the other night and lost a heavy gold cigarette-case. Poulsen, who is a fellow Dane, sent him a few days later one exactly like it, except that engraved inside is a detailed picture of the owner's fine steam yacht, exact down to the last spar and porthole.

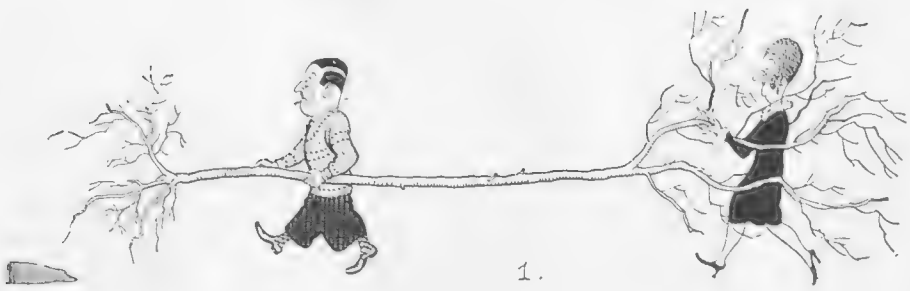
LITERARY iconoclasm is the fashion of the moment, and Charles Kingsley sleeps none the less soundly in Eversley Churchyard by reason of the thwacks being administered to "Westward Ho!" Jerome K. Jerome is just as indifferent to posthumous attacks (one can't very well help being, after all). His magnum opus is not a masterpiece of humour, by a long chalk, yet it is quite funny and it has lived, and I fancy anyone who attacks "Three Men in a Boat" is quite likely to find himself one man in the cart.

NEARLY everyone has a shot at poor Shakespeare. Did not Bernard Shaw call *As You Like it* a "Bedford Park sort of play"? And now Sybil Thorndike has declared that she "loathes" *The Merchant of Venice*. I agree with Sybil, who wouldn't willingly hurt a fly, let alone Shakespeare, that *The Merchant of Venice* is not the Bard at his Best. But when she goes on to say, "I know it will be my fate to continue to act in the darned thing," I feel a slight simmering of sympathy for the dramatic critics whose fate will be to continue to see her darned acting in it.

Stage Photo Co.

Marjorie Mars and Laurence Olivier in a scene from "The Last Enemy," at the Fortune Theatre This play, which deals largely with the after-life, has excited considerable interest since its production

THE TEUTON AT THE PIANO

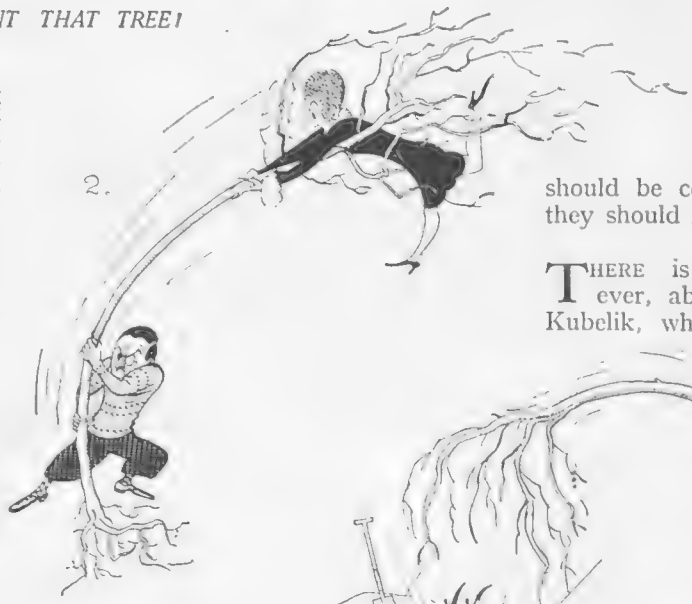


SHE WOULD HELP TO TRANSPLANT THAT TREE!

THE President of the Pharmaceutical Society has a knowledge of pharmaceutics deeper than his knowledge of human nature. And sundry other learned folk, obviously suffering from psittacosis (or parrot disease), have repeated his words of unwisdom to the effect that the automatic machines for selling drugs, which one sees at railway termini, etc., are "a grave danger to the children." Why? A child who is old enough to possess a shilling is old enough to read, and the things that are sold—mostly simple remedies for headache or indigestion—are plainly marked. If by any chance a child did put a coin in and procure some tabloids in mistake for sweets there is not a child that I can imagine who would not spit out, in disappointed disgust, the first one taken.

But perhaps there are child drug fiends? Even so, I can hardly picture the tiny tots saving up their pennies to run to the nearest railway station to get a bottle of aspirins.

ARTHUR SCHNABEL has been widely advertised as "the greatest living pianist." Probably that was not his doing. Besides, there is a large set in musical London, revolving planet-wise round the Courtauld family, who believe, genuinely (though, I think, mistakenly), that Schnabel *is* the greatest living pianist. He is certainly a very good pianist, though, to my mind, he is no Mozart player, and spoils much of his work by adopting a platform manner that, at its mildest, is one of complacent superiority, and, at its worst, is sheer aggressiveness. In other words, Schnabel is very much the German, not only because he is extremely thorough without being brilliant (a typically Teutonic characteristic), but because he takes little pains to conceal his dislike of British orchestras, and has even gone to the length of writing, or causing to be written for him, a peevish letter to *The Times*. One does not wish to hark back to the unpleasant affair of rather more than a dozen years ago. But we do not like Prussianism on the platform. Besides, *virtuosi* should be content to play airs; they should not put them on.



THERE is no nonsense, however, about our old friend Kubelik, who is back again in

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Silvester, the well-known ballroom dancers, who are giving popular demonstrations at the Savoy Hotel. They run a most successful school of dancing in Bond Street

BY G. S. SHERWOOD

A TAXICAB TROUBLE

London with his violin. He is not quite the slim, wild, romantic youth whom the musical world used to rave about rather more years ago than I care to recall. He is the father of twins, who are now grown up. There is plenty of grey in his picturesquely untidy locks. And he has been ten times completely round the world. How these musicians travel! But he is still a superb violinist, a bit of a showman, a bit of a composer, and a great deal of a very good fellow.

By Trever Evans

WIFE: "Isn't it wonderful—they've elected me on to the committee!"
HUSBAND: "What committee?"
WIFE: "Oh!—I forgot to ask"

ISN'T it about time taxicabs had lights in them that work? I have always marvelled that one can travel miles in a bus for a penny or twopence and read comfortably, whereas in a taxi, which is one of the most expensive forms of locomotion in the world; there is either (i) no light at all, (ii) a light far too feeble to read by, or (iii) a light, connected in some mysterious way with the opening of the door, which goes out the moment one is seated inside. In fact, the only time I have ever known a really effective light inside a taxi is when, very late at night, one is driving *her* home after a party. . . . Then a sort of warship's searchlight blazes down from the roof, and defies all attempts to turn it out.

THERE seems to be little doubt that dancing is no longer the craze that it was as recently as two years ago. It is, I think, only temporarily in abeyance; but in abeyance it is. So far as this means the dropping by people in restaurants of the habit of getting up between the courses of an excellent dinner and cavorting round, so much the better. But dancing is an excellent thing for anyone from eight to eighty. Ballroom dancing is pleasant to watch (sometimes); it is healthy, and something of a mental tonic, too. Also, if you are spending the small hours in a night-club or restaurant, you will feel a hundred per cent. better the next morning if you have danced.

A DRESS ADDRESS

Mrs. Macauley, an elderly Paignton resident, successfully prevented bathing girls from being filmed outside a local hotel for a British film.

THE Bathing Belle's all very well
On some Pacific beach,
For people there will oft declare
Each girl's a "sure-fire peach"
Who holds, for all the world to see,
A high (Mack) Sennett-House degree.

But shall we stand to see some strand
Of glorious Devon's shore
Adorned by those young girls whose hose
Through absence we deplore,
And shapely understandings show?
By heaven, sir, the answer's "No!"

These girls who prance and leap and dance
Across our golden sand
In costumes brief will learn with grief
Such things we will not stand,
For Britain's might and Britain's strength
Was built by skirts of ankle length!

Although I may be wrong, I say
Consistency should be
The thing to use and not abuse—
Our watchword and our key
In dealing with those dears who shine
Much more in beauty than in brine.

So you who find your peace of mind
Is marred by too much leg,
Adopt the thing you preach, and bring
Examples good, I beg;
Then, wearing a reproving frown,
You'll dress them up—not dress them down!

B. W.

E.N.A.

Signorina Maria Asti, who has been rebuked by the civic authorities of Florence, and also by the local clergy, for displaying too much limb on the stage. When questioned on the subject she replied, "God gave me my legs and why should I be ashamed of Heaven's handiwork?"

CLEMENCE DANE REVIEWS

The Book of the Month: "All Our Yesterdays"

By H. M. Tomlinson (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.)

JUST as the layman has his immemorial phrase—"I don't know anything about books, but I do know what I like!"—so, too, the critic has his favourite verbal weapon of offence to use when a play or novel puzzles him—"It may be very interesting, but it's not a play!" To which, of course, the answer is that his remark may be very interesting, but that it's not criticism!

FOR, after all, what does the name matter? The public doesn't ask of an entertainment—"Is this built after the same pattern as the last play I saw?" but asks—"Is it interesting? Will it keep me happy in my seat all the evening?"

THE same panicky phrase is often used to settle the hash of an unusual novel. I wonder if people will trot it out in connection with H. M. Tomlinson's new book "All Our Yesterdays"? When his first novel, "Galleon's Reach," was published, the phrase was certainly a comfort to many: though there were certain faithful readers who retorted indignantly that it was one of the most original books that they had ever read, and that a novel was no less a novel because of its novelty.

THE truth is that Mr. Tomlinson, in the last few years, has published sketches, travels and tales of such beauty and power that his public ask of him no more than that he should continue on his own level of achievement. So when his first novel was announced lovers of "Tide Marks, London River" and "The Sea and the Jungle" grew comically anxious, feeling, I suppose, that it was absurd for such a writer to hamper himself with a plot when the reader was perfectly happy in his company without one. Nevertheless, Mr. Tomlinson produced his novel "Galleon's Reach," and some people did not see that it had a plot, and said so, and were not at all appeased when other readers retorted that the history of a man's soul was surely plot enough for anyone! And now Mr. Tomlinson, serenely unrepentant, has once more called his newest book a novel. Is it one?

IF Hardy's "Dynasts" is no play then, perhaps, "All Our Yesterdays" can also be condemned as heretical. In hugeness of conception the two masterpieces resemble each other, and resemble each other, too, in their peculiar use of individual lives and events. For the hero of this novel is none other than the Zeitgeist, the spirit of the age, "weaving for God the garment men see him by." Tomlinson, like Hardy, is intent on putting upon paper one of God's half-hours: the half-hour between Mafeking Night and Armistice Day.

Lenare

MR. H. M. TOMLINSON

Whose new book, "All Our Yesterdays," has been selected by the Book Society as their choice for the month

HE does it by letting pass before us an incessant flow of ordinary people and events. In 1900 a ship is launched: Germany increases her home fleet: a schoolmaster throws up his job for Fleet Street: a hostess gives a political party: Chamberlain slips by unheeded while a crowd collects around an accident: "Londoners are the heirs of eternity and can always spend some of it on a fallen horse!": a girl is seduced on Mafeking Night: a mob wrecks a shop: then, Dynast-fashion, the scene closes. The first yesterday has "lighted fools the way to dusty death!"

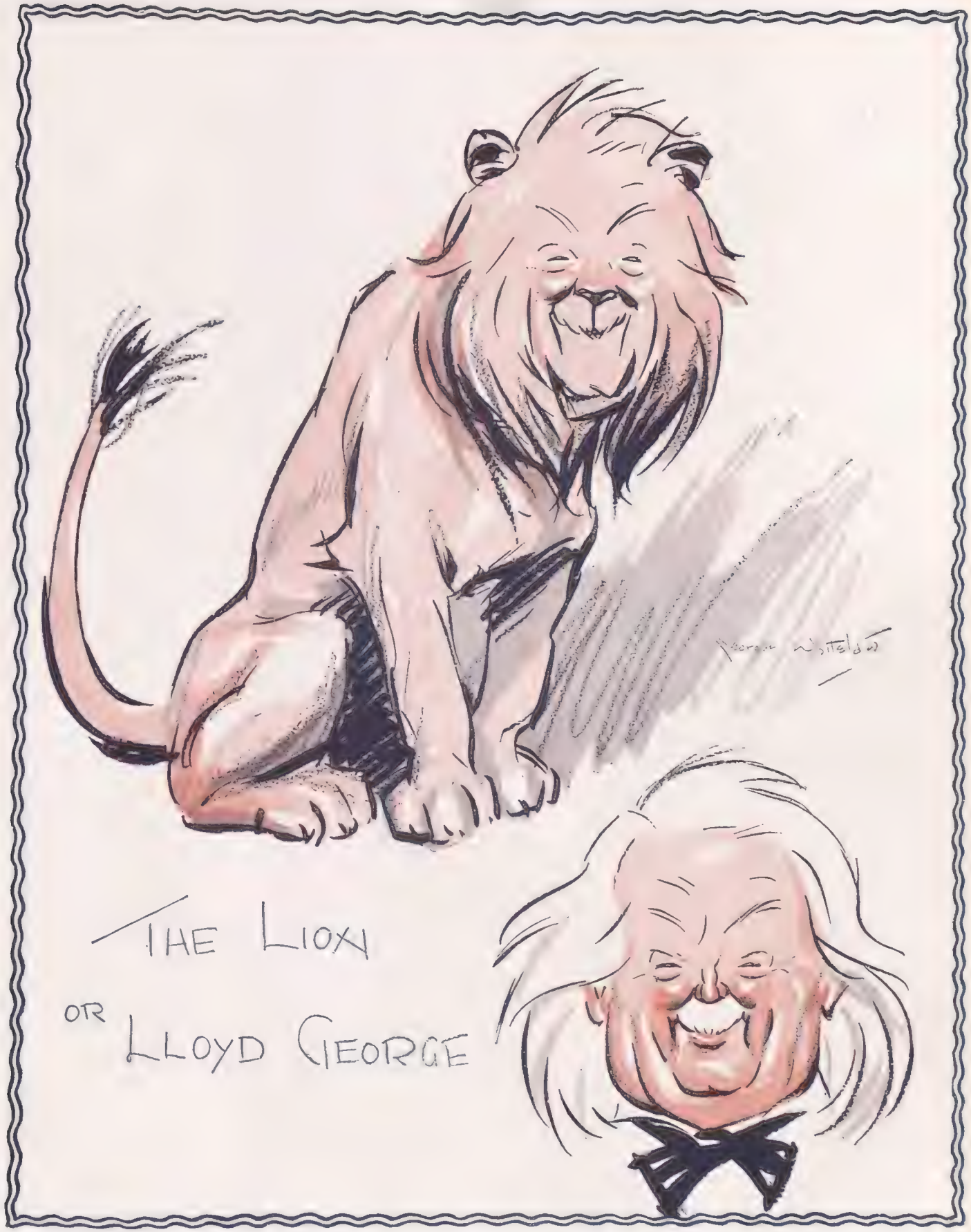
THE scene reopens eight years later in the tropics, whither a journalist has fled in search of peace. For "Europe, the way it was going, would hardly bear thinking about. There had been nights at home when thoughts of the huge slow drift of the mindless crowd the wrong way was horrifying." But in the forest he can escape from civilisation. "The forest was silent. It was opulent and majestic, the free gestures of a magnanimous earth. This region was still in the dawn of geology: it had not come to Cain yet. It was merely waiting for the advent of good or evil, whichever came first."

BUT he finds that the spirit of the age cannot be kept out of Eden. And so the humane enterprise of a band of scientists is wrecked by petty intrigues at home, and the journalist wearily returns to England, to find that Bleriot has flown the Channel! Thus the fools are brought eight years farther on their way.

THE curtain lifts again on the year 1914. Everybody is older but not much wiser. There is trouble in Dublin: an Archduke is assassinated in far-away Servia: consternation spreads. "And he then noticed, as though it were a symbolic act, the forewarning of what now would be done in darkness, that the benign and enlightened mind of Jean Jaurès had been put out. Peace, sitting at its dinner in its accustomed seat, had been shot through the head by a madman. Peace was dead."

THUS—"All our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death." The rest of the book is the story of dusty death itself. But the last chapter shows us peace: and the tourists holiday-making in the battlefields while two soldiers discuss them.

ONE says: "You see what it all means to them. They allowed it to come, and they kept it going, and now the bitter end is a souvenir for them. It is not easy to forgive them." But the other answers—"There is nothing to forgive. They never knew what they were doing. They don't know now . . . our time is not theirs. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."



GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 9

This week George Whitelaw has taken the volatile leader of the Liberal Party and transformed him into a lion. Whether Mr. Lloyd George's leonine mane was the cause, or whether the recent strife between Lord Grey of Fallodon and the Party leader awoke memories of Bottom's remark that "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living" we do not profess to know

CLASSIC
LIVING

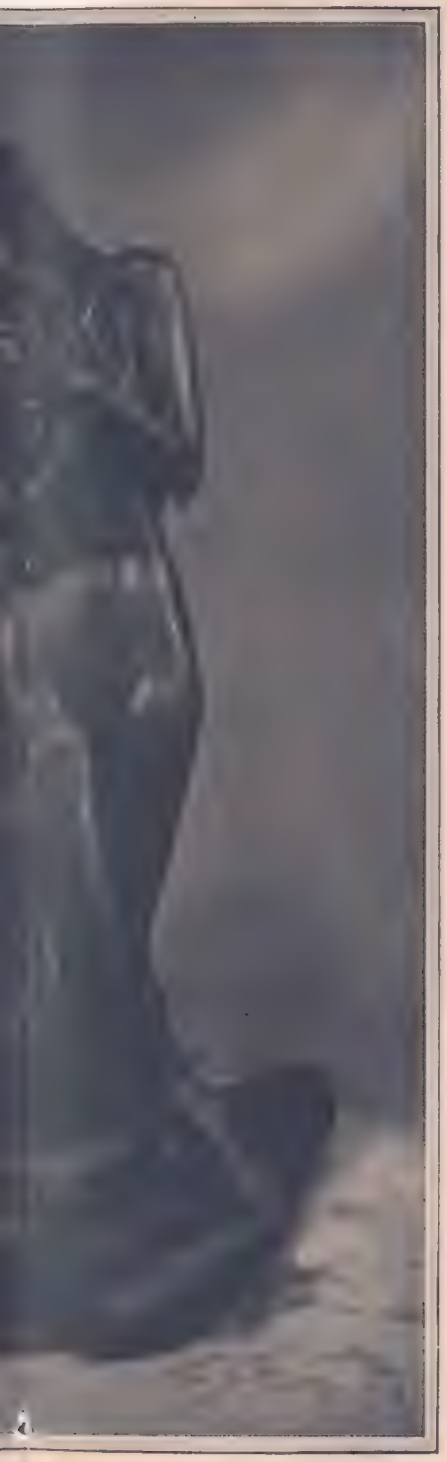
"RHYTHM"

Above are seen three striking poses which recall fine examples of bronze statuary.

"THE TEMPTA

The art of the Camera was never bet
are reminiscent of the sc

BEAUTY IN BRONZE



Special photographs by Lenare, Regent St., W

ATION OF EVE"

"LA DANSE"

better exploited than in these three photographs of Miss Andrea Mijinska and her partner, Miss Yvonne Mertens, which e sculptor's art at its highest

BY HYNES

"I PUT DOWN MY FINGER AND I SAY 'SHUSH! SHUSH!'"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

GREEN ORCHIDS

By ETHEL MANNIN

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

Illustrated by F. S. MAY

No one understood Arnold Selby's dramatic disappearance a few years ago, and even now there are only a few people who know the inner story. His career was meteoric in the most literal sense of the word. He may be said to have run in the Big Business stakes as a rank outsider. He was the last person in the world whom one would have imagined could make a fortune in a few years. It is true that he had in his father one of the greatest financiers living, a man with a positive genius for making the right move at a crucial moment, but that Arnold Selby should have developed a similar genius came as a shock to everyone—and not least to his family. His entry into the City had been as dramatic as his exit was to be. He was a dilettante; he did a number of things rather well, but none of them either well or ill enough to make any impression; he had published a slim volume of highly academic poetry, he was responsible for the decor of one of the newer Russian Ballets, he composed a little, and was at work on a volume of belles lettres when suddenly he turned his back on the æsthetic life and announced his intention of going into the City for the avowed purpose of making money. His entry into his father's office was like the home-coming of the prodigal son.

He had been a great disappointment to his family even at Oxford, where one thought he might have shone amongst the æsthetes; but he did no more than make a few ardent friendships and acquire a passion for the music of Stravinsky, the novels of Marcel Proust, the poetry of T. S. Eliot, and socialistic tendencies, none of which acquisitions, so far as he and his father could see, were of any commercial value whatsoever. Selby Senior was a self-made man and determined that his son should be self-made also. He asked Arnold, briskly, what he wanted to do. He had spent a lot of money on his education, and he wanted to see some results for his money. Arnold said that he thought he would like to write. His father said thoughtfully that there was sometimes money to be made at that sort of thing, even though not quite in the wholesale sense in which he thought of it. Arnold explained that he didn't mean that kind of writing. Furthermore, he said that, anyhow, he wasn't particularly keen on making money—except inasmuch as it might perhaps be a means of assisting in carrying out some useful social reform. . . . Selby Senior was furious. He was convinced that the only way to do what he called "knock sense into the boy" was to refuse him an allowance until he came to his senses and saw the necessity for going into the City and making money. That would settle all this highbrow hash which apparently was all the universities gave you in return for good money. . . .

Arnold said quietly that if his father really felt like that he had no more to say. "We don't speak the same language," he said, and left home and took a room in Bloomsbury, where he wrote his poetry and sold a little to the intellectual weeklies, got a little reviewing, and contrived to support himself.

It was at a Bloomsbury party that he met Shirley Sheringham. Shirley had been on the stage and had married American money; no one knew much about her; one gathered vaguely that there had been a mutually agreed upon divorce in the States, and she had come back to London still young, as beautiful as ever, and with more money than an unintelligent woman is safe with. She had a charming little house in Mayfair and people went to her parties because she was rich, and because sooner or later at her house one met "everyone" who counted in that strange half-world of literature, painting, and the stage. Half the people who knew her were a little contemptuous of her as a lion-hunter, the other half—mostly those who had not quite "arrived"—fawned upon her. And Shirley herself was a little amused, a little bored. She was quite well aware of the difference between fame and notoriety, but she knew enough to take what she could get and be glad of it. She was as beautiful as a lily, and exotic as an orchid, and she was clever enough not to betray how stupid and empty she really was.

Arnold Selby had never seen anything like her, or dreamed such things could be. She was for him "lovely as in a vision or a dream some beautiful and foreign lady."

Shirley thought young Arnold beautiful, too. He was beautiful at that time, in his unreal, remote, Shelleyesque fashion, with his pale sensitive face, his fair hair, and his curiously wide, dark, faun-like eyes. "Interesting," was how Shirley thought of him. She went straight away and bought his poems, and decided that he had genius—or enough of it, anyhow, to make him eligible for her parties. He would probably do something really brilliant one day, and then she would get the reflected glory of having "discovered" him. Also she was for the moment out of love, and this extraordinary creature, who looked as though he had never even kissed a woman's finger-tips, was precisely what she needed for the alleviation of her boredom.

Young Selby was fair game, of course. He had never even dreamed of love before, and the thing shattered him. He did not merely love, he adored. He became transformed. He seemed to move in an invisible halo of radiance. One knew that a sense of miracle enveloped him. He wrote to me, in one of a number of exuberant, ecstatic letters, "The miracle of miracles is that they happen. I existed, but now I am born, and living for the first time." One felt that it was all rather dreadful—and yet the thing persisted. Perhaps he did stir something in her that no one else had been able to. Perhaps she did take fire from him. Looking back now one feels that there must have been something in her—Arnold Selby could not have loved mere emptiness.

Anyhow, when he was not quite so desperately poor, he asked her to marry him.

I said to him, astounded, when he told me of his intention, "But how could you? What could you offer a woman like that?"

He replied, quite simply, "My love, and myself. I love her as no one has ever loved anyone in the world before, and I am myself—I have something in me—something that most people haven't." He said this quite simply. It wasn't conceit. He *knew* that he had something in him that most people hadn't, a quality of difference which genius is made of. He tried to explain, "I can give her those things which no one else can give her—I don't need to give her material things; other people can give her those; she has all that she wants, and more. I am earning a little money now—enough to be able to preserve my self-respect as a self-supporting member of society; I want to

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"It was at a Bloomsbury party that he met Shirley Sheringham . . . ."

marry her so that we can be together always and belong openly to each other. Lover was a beautiful word once, but the world has made it cheap and tawdry. I want us to marry outwardly because we are so utterly married mentally and spiritually and emotionally."

I said, trying to save him from the ghastly disillusion I saw ahead of him, "But a woman like that values her social position——"

He laughed at that, happily, confidently. "She's beyond all that now," he said. I thought. "Perhaps love has changed her; perhaps it's transformed her as it has him—if not, God help him!"

NEXT time I saw him he was changed. He was like a man who has died standing up. The light that had been in him, and by which he had lived, was quenched. His young beauty, even, had fallen away from him.

I couldn't wait for him to tell me. I wanted to spare him pain.

I pressed his hand and said, "I'm terribly sorry. But you might have known . . ."

He looked at me with his young-old dead eyes. "Shirley, you mean? She accepted me."

I stared at him. "She's promised to marry you?" I couldn't believe that I had heard aright.

He nodded, staring into space. "Yes. Presently. Under certain conditions. She said she wasn't to be bought cheaply. Yes, that was what she said. She reminded me that I had often regretted that I had no money and could not buy the beauty of the world for her—flowers, pearls, lovely furs. She said that if I really loved her I would not stay around complaining that I had so little money, but that I would do something about it. She laughed and said that I should regard myself as engaged to her, but that we would not make it public, or consider a definite date for our marriage, until the day I parked an expensive car outside her front door and walked up the doorsteps with a bunch of green orchids in one hand and a pearl necklace in the other!"

I couldn't bear to look at him. "What did you say?" I whispered.

"I said that I was offering her more than that, something no one else could give her, but if she really wanted it all, then I could get that for her as well. I asked her to give me a couple of years. She said that that would suit her very well as she was going on a luxury cruise round the world and would probably spend six months or so in New York, and wouldn't be back in England for about two years."

"What will you do?" I asked, wrung with pity.

He turned his strange eyes on me. "I shall go into the City for a couple of years and make some money," he said. "It oughtn't to be difficult. Look at the extraordinarily stupid people who do make money! And I'm not stupid! I ought to do very well in the City."

I could have wept. "But you," I said, "you're a poet—an artist——"

He smiled very gently. "That doesn't count. I'm not being bitter, but I see now that such things don't count. The world doesn't care who you are, or what you do, or what you've got in you; it asks, how much money have you got? I see now that my father was right. Money talks. I shall make money. One has to accept the world on its own terms."

So Arnold Selby was the lost sheep that returned to the fold—the prodigal son who returned home.

His father said that he knew the boy would come to his senses sooner or later. Was he not his father's son? A Selby who didn't get on and make money was a contradiction in terms. Everyone should see that the boy had inherited his father's financial genius.

WELL, the world did see. Shirley Sheringham set out on her tour round the world—there were pictures of her waving from the train at Waterloo, and from the promenade deck of the ship at Southampton, in all the illustrated papers—and the same week Arnold Selby went into his father's office. He had financial genius. There could be no doubt about that. He had a tremendous advantage in being his father's son, of course. He opened credits that he would not otherwise have got as a new name in the City. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of money-making, and learning the import and export business was merely like memorising something with which he was already acquainted. He had courage, too; was not afraid of big deals and taking risks. There were occasions when even his father, hardened gambler at the game as he was, watched him a little anxiously—such as when he had ten tons of chocolate on his hands at Constantinople, and the deal at the English end had fallen through; there was also the

nerve-wracking affair of the 15,000 woollen pullovers which the French "prospects" declared to be "not up to sample," but somehow young Arnold always pulled through and preserved his credits.

He had a set-back during a strike of dock workers, followed by a general transport strike, but he had the unswerving courage of the born gambler who will always make the next deal recuperate the previous losses, and by the time Shirley finally returned to England his income ran to five figures. It really did look as though Big Business and not æsthetics was Arnold Selby's metier. Bloomsbury did not see him in all that time, and he did not write a line. The Russian Ballet and the opera came and went, and he did not go to a night of either. It was as though the Arnold Selby that one used to know had died in a night; a poet had died that a business man might be born. He lunched in the Savoy Grill regularly, like any other magnate. He read the *Financial Times*, and talked as easily of the Stock Exchange as once he had talked of poetry, music, painting. He had a hard, brisk manner, and the eyes from which the old fire had faded glinted like steel; there was a queer new tightness about his mouth, too. People who met him during his business phase, and never knew him as the Shelleyesque young creature who came down from Oxford full of dreams and spiritual fire, are not to be blamed if they find the word "faun" as applied to him ridiculous. Even those of us who knew him intimately in his faun-like days sometimes found it hard to recall him in those terms when we met him as the successful young business man. . . .

Well, Shirley came back to London, and opened up her house again, and one day Arnold drove up to her front door in a long, low exotic Italian car, and stepped out of its grey velvet interior with a thousand pound pearl necklace in one hand and a huge sheaf of the rarest green orchids Paris could produce—they had come over by air-mail that morning, with their hot-house dew still on them—in the other, rang the bell of Shirley's chic ebony front door, and was shown once more into her shining presence.

He told me what happened. She looked, he said, more beautiful than ever, and she said to him, "But how nice you look!" She meant by that that he had brushed his riotous hair into a fashionable sleekness, and instead of his comfortable tweeds wore a twenty-five guinea suit from Savile Row.

He said that when he gave her the pearls there came into her eyes the light that never was on land or sea, such as he had never seen in her eyes before; and when he gave her the sheaf of green orchids, the touch of her fingers on their evil-looking waxiness was a caress softer than any she had ever bestowed on him.

She turned to him and her face was radiant. "You clever darling boy," she said, "I knew you could do it if you tried! I'll wear the pearls to my wedding and the next sheaf of orchids shall be a wedding bouquet!"

At that he turned and walked out without a word. She called to him. He took no notice. She rushed to the drawing-room door and called to him again, hysterically, asking him what he meant, if he were mad, but he went on down the hall and let himself out at the front door. He left the expensive, exotic, shining new car standing there.

He came straight to me and told me what he had done. He looked lined and grey and old, and very tired. It was hard to realise that he was not yet thirty. He left the country next day and has never been back since. No one knew where he had gone; at first there were rumours that he had committed suicide. There were headlines in all the papers, "Business magnate's sensational disappearance." He left his business in a state of chaos. He had simply walked out from everything without caring. His father had a post-card from Australia some months later to say that he had a little house beside a lake with mountains behind, and had found peace. No more than that. No indication of what he was doing. One could only suppose that he was supporting himself by writing again. He has not written since.

One wonders if he ever saw any English illustrated papers and saw that a few months after his dramatic exit Shirley married into the peerage. She wore his pearls with her wedding dress, and drove to the registry office in the car he had bought for her—"the gift of Mr. Arnold Selby." And, to complete the gesture, she carried a sheaf of green orchids.

E. M.

". . . She was as beautiful as a lily, and exotic as an orchid, and she was clever enough not to betray how stupid and empty she really was"

FILM NOTES

CHARACTER AND ACTION

FANNIE HURST'S NOVEL SCREENED

By Lionel Collier

Winifred Westover and Ben Lyon in "Lummox," the United Artists all-talking production of Fannie Hurst's famous novel, which will be seen shortly. It is directed by Herbert Brenon

Gertrude Lawrence, the British revue star, who has recently been playing in New York. She will be seen in the film, "The Battle of Paris"

TWO very definite influences have been brought to the screen by the introduction of sound. The first is a restriction of action, and consequently of originality, and the second a very marked improvement in the casting of a play. That is not to say that great acting did not exist on the silent screen; it did, and in the course of the application of the new medium we are losing several people whose miming was often finer than many articulate artistes' work. For instance, we have lost people like Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Mady Christians, Carl Fröhlich and others. On the other hand, new talent recruited from the stage has come to take their place in the persons of Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding and Winifred Westover.

Lionel Collier this week discusses the return of action to the screen, and the fact that some talkies are showing more care in their casting, as well as in the standard of entertainment provided

TWO pictures this week show tendencies, in one case to refute the charge of lack of action, and in the other to verify the fact that new talent is being recruited and that casting is being more carefully considered. For while the mass of screen entertainment remains at a rather low level there is little doubt in my mind that here and there, as in "Juno and the Paycock" and "Lummox," there are very evident signs of an increasing intelligence in the presentation of the screen play.

"LUMMOX" is adapted from a novel by Fannie Hurst and directed by Herbert Brenon, who was responsible, amongst other things, for the Americanised version of "Peter Pan." He has always made pictures of interest, although generally they have fallen below the merit of the work he has attempted to portray. In this case, I feel he has the advantage of the novelist whose style is, to me at least, most irritating, even though its general theme and ideas are of interest.

BEFORE embarking on a brief outline of the story I should like to point out that Brenon has been very sparing of dialogue. Wherever it is used, it is used rather like Fannie Hurst uses it in literature, in short, pregnant sentences. There is, in fact, no dialogue for dialogue's sake and pictorial expression and development are more important that mere sound. We have been, lately, so apt to overrate the novelty value of talking pictures that pictorial development has been neglected. In this picture Brenon has combined the two without undue insistence on either.

"LUMMOX" is a most moving picture, with realism in sentiment and effect, dealing with a drudge whose feet are firmly planted in the earth, but who yet has a great soul, which, in the circumstances that surround her, is inarticulate. We see her, then, trying to save a young girl from prostitution and

FANNIE HURST'S NOVEL SCREENED

later saving her from it. We see her seduced by a man who, in a drunken ecstasy, sees and tells her of her powerful beauty: beauty that is essentially of the earth, maternal and all-embracing.

THEN her child is born, and to give it a chance she has it adopted by rich people. Follows a series of engagements, and her sacrifice of herself to a valet employed by the foster parents of her child in order to get news of him. Another incident shows her allowing an old woman to die, when some drops from a bottle would have saved her, in order to spare her the pain of knowing that her son had, on his wife's pleading, decided to turn her out. Then comes old age and no employment, until finally she enters a small baker's establishment to look after his five motherless children. Here she finds her vocation and her peace of mind.

I HAVE been told that Winifred Westover, who is W. S. Hart's—one of the original "Western" stars—wife, has been longing to play the part of Lummox for about three years. One feels, indeed, that she has studied it intently, and her longing has been justified by her performance, which is able to rank with any of the finest the screen has given us.

I DO not know quite where this picture is coming on yet, but if the appreciation of cinema audiences is on the level of the artistic expression of drama and character in this work it should appear in the West End shortly and for a long time. But, of course, commercialism says there is no value in art. Perhaps, as in other ways, it may be very badly mistaken. At any rate, so far it has never really tried to find out.

AS this picture has given to the talkies a new artiste of great worth, "The Sky Hawk" gives to them screen action. A little while ago I dealt with a film called "Flight," which has been running at the Capitol, and praised it, not because of its story value, which was weak, but because it had action and did utilise the scope of the camera. "The Sky Hawk" is a further demonstration of this return to action which is the screen's greatest advantage over every other form of expression.

IT seems strange that it had to be Americans who could see the dramatic possibilities of a story of a Zeppelin raid on London with the hero bringing down the enemy after having been dubbed a coward and a shirker. What is still more amazing is the wonderfully realistic atmosphere that John C. Blystone, the director, has managed to obtain. Except for the heroine, who is for reasons of policy, I suppose, dubbed a Canadian and speaks as such, the whole thing might have been made in an English studio. Most thrilling scenes of the Zeppelin over London are included, together with the effect of its threat on the populace of the Metropolis. Clever detail is everywhere apparent, and we are shown the observation car of the Zeppelin with its occupants speaking German. The language effect is excellently utilised, and an effect of realism is attained.

Elissa Landi, the stage and screen star who has been chosen by Elinor Glyn as the most perfect type of English girl. As a matter of fact she is of mixed Italian and Austrian parentage

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, whose gramophone record duologues sell by the million. They are seen in their first talkie at the Plaza, "Why Bring That Up?"

THERE are several incredibilities in the story. The hero, for instance, an R.F.C. recruit, having crashed while trying to see the girl he is going to marry, is crippled and invalided out. The charge of cowardice—he was due to go overseas—is levelled. He then proceeds to recondition secretly a condemned plane and, in spite of his injuries, goes up and brings down the Zepp. Still, all this can be forgiven, for there is a definite thrill, excellent acting and, above all, the scope of action peculiar to the screen. Mention must be made of the acting of John Garrick, an Englishman, as the hero, while another Englishman, Billy Bevan, gives a human and humorous portrayal of a Cockney sergeant-major.

L. C.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING FASHIONABLE

By Blanche B. Elliott

One of the new draped fur ties which will be fashionable for Spring wear in soft, silky black galyac

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

PARIS views with amusement the uproar that a few inches on the length of the skirt has caused. Misinformed people have written attacks on the "dust-sweeping" dresses which have, of course, never existed in France. For the day and walking they are two or three inches below the knee, for the formal afternoon frock they are a little longer, and in the evening one can wear them as long as one likes, when there is, presumably, no dust to mention.

ONE wonders when the popular London Press will cease to regard a new fashion only as the subject of a stunt headline and scream inaccurate statements in type half an inch deep? When will they learn that fashion news is a very serious, intricate and delicate matter where accuracy is essential, and that upon such accuracy depends the smartness of our womenkind and the success of our dress trade? How unnecessarily harmful to all concerned in this incessantly carping attitude.

CORRECT fashion information is of the greatest help to our manufacturers to keep them in touch with the leading styles, for it is undoubtedly in this that we lag behind. Hysterical nonsense written on the scantiest information by those abysmally ignorant of their subject is only slightly less harmful than the banal clichés of underpaid journalists who hang on the skirts of fashion, and, having neither taste nor intelligence, yet pose as authorities on the subject. Actually there is much that is sane, artistic and beautiful in the new styles, and those who are dipping their pens in vitriolic attack might turn their attention to something less mischievous. The styles are here whether they, personally, like them or not, and if we do not supply the styles that *are* in fashion, we shall not sell our goods. That is all.

WHILE on the subject I might mention that, however inaccurate the news in American newspapers is (rightly or wrongly) stated to be, their fashion news is invariably excellent and up to the minute. The fashion correspondents can't get away with the nonsense that goes down here, because the American woman knows too much about clothes and won't be put off with rubbish. Style writing and research is the highly specialised, well paid occupation of experts, with the result that America has built up an immense dress trade which is alarming France by its rivalry and its increasing proportions. Yet we still refuse to learn.

WHILE the Paris Openings do not take place until the end of this month, when the new Spring fashions will be launched, there are various tendencies it is interesting to watch. There is an increasing feeling for the higher waistline, and it is being "tried out" in numerous ways. Its vagaries are amusingly spasmodic, and it follows the elusive way new ideas do—just to see if one will take a fancy to them or not. It is shown in the Schiaparelli model for the South of France, photographed by Scaioni, where the skirt goes up in a corslet point in front to meet the vari-coloured ribbon tie. It also appears on the new long Spring coats, where it is often emphasised by a bi-colour effect. It is raised above the normal line in the daytime frock by cunning little touches.

TALKING of waists, which seem to wander at will up and down one's anatomy, they are defined but not outlined. *Never* be led into having a small waist, even when tempted by the possession of a naturally small one. It gives the wrong line. This was illustrated by a girl at a smart club who wore a charming little white dance frock but had pulled in her belt tight and had got an entirely wrong effect. With older and stouter people it is unbecoming and ageing. Corsets go up higher at the waistline to suppress what is politely termed one's diaphragm, and to give a smooth, unwrinkled line at the side of one's hips where the shorter corsets are so apt to form a ridge of flesh unless one is ultra slim.

SKIRTS altogether have become very important at both ends. For the sports or walking skirt the Schiaparelli model is ideal, and illustrates what may be termed the "concealed trouser skirt." She has tried it in several models, and it is, to my mind, entirely suitable and practical for all forms of exercise, and will be welcomed when the foolish prejudice against it dies down. (This may occasion, of course, another Press outburst!) One has only to see women golfers in a high wind or the tumblers on the ice rink to realise how much more decent and attractive women would look thus clad instead of showing a skirt one colour and ordinary pull-on knickers of another, as so often happens.

THE new tweeds that are being shown are very far removed from what we are accustomed to associate with that well-known fabric. I have seen some with a quite open mesh, which looks almost stringy; others are in speckled effects or in checks, and there is distinctly less of the woven jersey tweed variety. These are being made into frocks with long or short coats or into natty little sleeveless coatees; also we shall see a good many short capes on both coats and dresses. Tweed forms our bags for sports wear and morning, and can match hat and scarf, and goes with the general woolliness which continues to be the vogue of the moment. For dressy afternoon wear we may choose antelope and suède bags, and old brochés for the evening.

FUR ties are an important new departure. They are worn draped, knotted or tied round the neck in soft flat furs or in mink or sable. It is the cravat effect, in fact, that is aimed at. They give a new air to one's Spring coat and will be worn on the street frock later instead of a coat. Our artist has sketched one in silky galyac worn as a deep, draped collar and loosely tied at the throat in front. With it is worn a little tweed cap. All flat furs can be used to form these ties. One was formed of squares of white ermine—an expensive idea. Another model which just wrapped round the throat was in breitschwanz, while a collar of mink or sable tied on the side with three ends.

AT the first big Openings in Paris this correspondent will faithfully take her place to report to the readers of THE BYSTANDER the novelties for the coming Spring and Summer. During the pause before then there is the strictest secrecy maintained, so that those very alert copying houses, with their staffs of gossip and news gatherers, do not filch too soon the important secrets which are to guide dress styles all over the civilised globe. One awaits them with extraordinary interest.

For the Côte d'Azur Schiaparelli creates this delicious little suit in white flannel with short coat and concealed trouser-skirt. The corslet point of the skirt meets the braces of twisted vari-coloured ribbon, and the bodice is of soft wool-lace. *Model Schiaparelli*

FLYING NOTES

EUROPEAN CROSS-COUNTRY AIR RACING

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Photopress

Capt. G. P. Olley, the pilot, in front of the Westland Four limousine that he will fly in the first air pleasure cruise in this country, which starts from Croydon. The machine will visit Bordeaux, Madrid, Lisbon, Tangiers, Fez, Granada, Barcelona, Lyons and Paris

Keystone View

Mr. Man Mohan Sing, the young Indian student of Bristol, who recently started on a lone flight to India. He hopes to win the £500 prize offered by the Aga Khan to the first Indian to fly from England to India in 1930

English Aerodrome to be Included

THE air race round Europe held last year, and known as the Orly Meeting, created intense excitement all over the Continent, but most of us over here had to be content with the newspaper reports. Every city where a stop was made put up prizes, either for the first pilot to land or for the fastest time on the previous lap, and those who obtained the most points were laden with presents of all kinds. This year it is probable that Heston Aerodrome will be included in the circuit, which means more British entries, Captain Broad and Miss Spooner being the only two last time, and a better chance for us to take first place. Foreign light aircraft visit our foggy land so seldom that we are apt to forget they exist. Last year's entries totalled fifty-five, and the race was conspicuous for the "crazy flying" of some of the Italians, who were out to win at all costs.

Light 'Plane Movements

THE Comte de Sibour and the Comtesse, who is Mr. Selfridge's daughter, are planning a trip to Arabia in a Gipsy Moth. Last year they completed a trip round the world by Moth, shipping it, of course, over the Pacific and Atlantic. Captain Campbell Black is on his way to Kenya with another Avro 5, and, according to reports, it will find a full programme of work awaiting it. The Rhodesian Aviation Company is adding a Bluebird to its fleet, principally for joy-riding over the Victoria Falls, which are visited every season by thousands of tourists. The Baron de Précourt, whose photograph appeared with these Notes a fortnight ago, showing him as the owner of a Schreck Amphibian, has become a Moth owner. Mr. C. P. Parkerson, a member of the Cinque Ports Club, has bought a Moth for a trip to Australia.

New Flying Clubs

IN the latest list there are two clubs which have not previously been on the air map—one at Bedford, whose secretary is Captain Stelfox, and the other at Plymouth, operating from the Roborough landing ground. A club has been formed at Fort Dunlop under the chairmanship of Colonel Matthew, its activities being confined to lectures and ground instruction until the Spring, when machines and an aerodrome will be forthcoming. It is expected that many of the big industrial concerns will form Gliding Clubs affiliated to the central organisation. Sir Sefton Brancker has consented to become the first president of the Gliding Association. Its hon. secretary is Mr. Howard Flanders, who is using 7, Albemarle Street as a temporary address through the kindness of the Royal Aeronautical Society. Gliding is one of the greatest sports, and has the merits of comparative cheapness and simplicity. It is necessary, however, to find the right sites, undulating moorland and the Downs being ideal. The sixth club to enter the N.F.S. group is the South Staffordshire, with headquarters at Stoke-on-Trent. The City Fathers have invested in a municipal aerodrome, and have handed it over to the national company to manage for a period of years.

The Latest in Light 'Planes

THE Comper Swift is a fast single-seater, the first machine to be produced by Flt.-Lt. Comper since he left the Service. He will be remembered as the designer of four different types for the Cranwell Club; the second of the series won the reliability prize at the Lympne Meeting in 1924, and the third was first in the International Scratch Race at Lympne in August, 1925. The Swift has a top speed of more than 100 miles an hour; it cruises at 80 and lands somewhere about 35. Squadron-Ldr. Hinkler, one of our most experienced test pilots, and the man who used an Avian as his kangaroo for the long hops to Australia in fifteen and a half days, is building a twin-engined Amphibian. It will be in the form of a float seaplane with a wheel chassis, and will be driven by two 40 h.p. engines. The latest Autogyro, as flown by Sir Sefton Brancker a few weeks ago, is another new type which will make flying simpler and cheaper.

BYSTANDER *copyright* *Special portrait by Howard Coster*

SIR JOHN SALMOND, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O.

Who succeeded Sir Hugh Trenchard as Chief of the Air Staff, Royal Air Force, on January 1, is Principal Air Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty. The son of Major-General Sir William Salmond, Sir John entered the Army in 1901, became Instructor at the Central Flying School in 1912, and commanded the R.F.C. and R.A.F in the field in 1918-19 He married in 1924 the Hon. Monica Grenfell, the elder daughter of Lord Desborough

PARIS GOSSIP

Francis C. Fuerst

One of the latest ideas of Parisian dressmakers is the reproduction of well-known personalities in wax. The picture shows a bust of the popular lawn tennis player, Miss Helen Wills, fashioned by Pierre Imans

CAR PARKS and KIDNAPING

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

WHEN Paris is reduced to talking about politics, motor cars and their by-products, one may realise that for the moment Paris is dead. Everybody seems to be in Switzerland or on the Riviera or taking one last look at the Barcelona Exposition. Politicians and statesmen are running back and forth to The Hague, to Paris for the opening of Parliament; and to Geneva. The automobile element is divided into three phases—the new stationnement law, the impossible new taxes on foreign cars, and kidnapping.

THE other evening a married woman was walking in the Bois with her flirt. The young man was evidently looking at the moon, which, as François de Croisset has said, is the surest method to arouse a woman's jealousy, when she discovers that a man's attention can be diverted even by anything so remote as the moon. Suddenly the man in question looked around, and his companion was gone, for a car had silently rolled up, and one of its occupants grabbed the lady and made off with her into the night. In great distress, but foolishly, he went to the commissaire de police to report his loss, for that is where one goes to complain of the loss of a dog, an umbrella, or a girl friend. The newspapers picked up this item (not the woman), and the next day there were columns about the nocturnal kidnapping of the wife of a famous automobile manufacturer. Of course, that could only mean one man. Suddenly the news stopped. I became suspicious, and figured that this silence could only mean that the husband was the kidnapper. A little telephoning, and I discovered myself to be correct. Monsieur the Manufacturer had used these means to fetch his wife home, without realising that her cavalier would report it to the police.

ONE of my most valued adjutants, who spills the most astonishing news to me all along the Avenue des Acacias, such as pointing out to me a tired-looking little man whose name is Santos Dumont, and a man named Mannheimer, who is one of the cleverest and richest men in Paris, being so clever as not to let anybody suspect it, told me that Renault and Citroën are responsible for putting over the exorbitant tax on automobile duties.

THE "stationnement" or parking law seems to be a puzzle. That is, people who used to park their cars for hours in the Place Vendôme can still park them there, only it is called stationnement. It is now forbidden to park in the Rue de la Paix, unless one is a client of a shop or bank along the street. That is to say, a man may whisper coyly to an agent de ville, "I must leave my car here for two hours, to have a hat fitted at Reboux, and you know that place is a madhouse, and it takes ages." Or a girl can say, "I am just stepping into Mappin and Webb's to have my Ermeto watch set," then she can go out by the back entrance (if there is one) and leave her car in the Rue de la Paix all day.

"I am just stepping into Mappin and Webb's t

"I find that the essence of Feminism . . ."

AN echo from the Hague Conference is this: Henri Chéron, the French Minister of Finance, was all ready, at a Press luncheon, to make a speech. In fact, he had covered three pages with notes, and had slipped them under his plate. However, nobody called upon him to make a speech. This nettled him considerably, and you can imagine his embarrassment when, as everybody

PARIS AND INDIFFERENT DRAMA

rose to go, Mr. Snowden called Chéron's attention to the notes.

MADAME JEAN HENNESY, wife of the Minister for Agriculture, is still furious at Tardieu for not having chosen her husband as Minister of Public Instruction. The other day she complained loudly to a friend, saying that nobody appreciated her husband's erudition. She had asked him what the words "Flucutat Met" on the arms of the City of Paris were. "That's Latin," said Hennesy. "You see," echoed Madame Hennesy, "how well educated my Johnny is!"

ave my Ermeto watch set"

FAITS divers as the papers say: The new night club, "Les Enfants Terribles," situated in the Théâtre Pigalle, is the best place in town now, what with Frisco, who used to be at Florence's singing, so that I have come to the conclusion that Jean Cocteau only writes so that sooner or later a night club will open named after one of his ballets or books, and the foregone success of that book will endow the night club with enormous advance publicity; I started to write a verse about Paul Morand with the lines, "Diplomat I was in Siam, now a travelled writer I am," but got no farther (Thank God! say you?), and thought that if he opened a hat shop called "Lewis and Irene," or a luggage shop called "Rien que la Terre," he would make a barrel of money. . . . As I have been blamed for a typographical error (not mine) because the name of a tea-place was printed as "Chez East" instead of "Chez Fast," I was mightily cheered, upon reading the *Revue de Paris*, to note that Morand says that the American Declaration of Independence occurred on July the eighth, in New York, instead of on the Fourth in Philadelphia, and that New York is in New England, whereas any New Englander accused of being born in New York would die of shame. That Madame Munoz, whose father-in-law, Munoz y Manzano, Comte de la Vinaza, is Spanish Ambassador at Rome, is designing dresses for Augusta Bernard. . . . That Lady Mosley, supposed to be in Paris to study feminism in France, which she will find out does not exist, was telephoned by an inquiring Socialist Deputy on the subject, who was told that Lady Mosley was in Paris to do her shopping, and nothing else, to the Deputy's disappointment, whereas I find that the essence of feminism. . . . That the plays most talked about this week are Machiavelli's *Mandragore*, a magnificent classic badly acted, and *Le Péché* at the Studio des Champs-Elysées, by the late young Roumanian playwright, Adolphe Orna, which isn't very well acted either, adding, considering the morbid subject of the play, incest to injury. . . . The Cirque de Paris has gone out of existence, and, speaking of circuses, at the reception given at the Italian Embassy by the Count and Countess Manzoni, upon the occasion of the Royal wedding, the Fratellinis, the gorgeous clowns of the Cirque Medrano, were among the guests. . . . That surprisingly little comment was made upon the fact that at the wedding the Princesse Victor Napoleon walked upon the arm of the Comte de Paris, son of the Duc de Guise, and hypothetical heir to the throne of France, as the Royalist and Imperialist factions are deadly enemies.

MEETING at the Princess Bibesco's one afternoon Andre Thèrive, the young literary critic of *Le Temps*, which surprised me greatly, as I always thought that a critic of any paper called *The Times*, whether in Paris or London or New York, should be very, very old, and Bernard Grasset, the young publisher, I listened to a conversation so brilliant that I immediately considered giving up writing. And when they were saying how marvellous was "David Golder," a new novel by Irma Nemirovsky, Grasset said that he himself found it so wonderful that for months he cannot look forward to publish anything its equal. S. L.

Francis C. Fuerst

A "PASSIONATE HUNTER"

Mlle. Gaby Morley, the popular star of M. Henri Bernstein's Théâtre Gymnase. She is described by the French journalists as a "Passionate Hunter," which title is well confirmed by her dress

E.N.A.

Lili Damita, the film star wearing the magnificent silver brocade garment which Jenny, the Paris modiste, presented to the customer who most accurately placed twenty evening coats according to the popular vote of her clients. She succeeded in placing the first fourteen correctly thus winning the cloak

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHERE WOMAN IS A SIDE-SHOW

By Ralph Straus

MISS CARMAN DEE BARNES

The author of "Schoolgirl." It is published by Messrs. T. Werner Laurie and Co., Ltd.

FOR the moment the Waugh family is very much in the limelight. After long years at his publisher's desk Arthur Waugh has retired to his study, to the regret of authors, but undoubtedly to the advantage of readers. For, like his cousin, the late Sir Edmund Gosse, Father Waugh—if he will excuse the ecclesiastical term—is, primarily, a true man of letters. He is also a man of innumerable friends. I once said of him that without resembling the late Mr. Pickwick so closely in appearance as some of his admirers seemed to think, he did undoubtedly share all that great man's most lovable characteristics.

BUT there are also the two junior Waughs, though one, to be sure, must now be much balder than his father. The younger son, Evelyn, as I expected, is repeating with *Vile Bodies* the success which greeted his *Decline and Fall*; and hard on the heels of this audacious novel comes *The Coloured Countries* (Chapman and Hall: 18*s*.), in which his brother Alec at least shows that he is the right kind of traveller.

HE "got" the urge to travel, I remember, quite suddenly. It occurred to him that he would "go off," and go off he did—with the vaguest of plans. That was two or three years ago, and to this day, when you meet him in London and invite him to luncheon next week, it is an even chance whether he will be able to come or not. He may be in his Chelsea flat for the next six months, but more probably he has arranged to be somewhere in Siberia or Penang, or Puntas Arenas, or any of the other picturesque places to which tourists sometimes go.

AND so here in this delightful vagary of a book you follow him to strange countries, and it is as though (out of the kindness of his heart) he had purchased an extra ticket just for you, and allowed you to share in all his exciting adventures, even in the adventures which do not always get recorded. (But I do not think that the ladies will object, even though it happens that in most of the countries he is describing their sex is rudely, if justifiably, called a side-show!)

TAHITI! I had never before realised the paradise that it must be—for a month or two. Waugh might have stayed there all his life if—— Well, you may seek for the reason yourself. A short story is woven into his text which certainly helps to explain, and that story has a double interest, for besides interpretating Tahiti very charmingly indeed, it is an amusingly novel experiment in technique.

THEN he lived for some months in Martinique, whose very existence I had forgotten since I ceased to collect stamps forty years ago, and in Martinique all sorts of things happen: cyclones, and cock-fighting, and curious dances which cannot be described (except in French) even in these enlightened days. But there is also Siam and Singapore, and Sydney and Barbados, which is not so uninteresting as it might seem to be, and that ex-Republic of Haiti, which one day may become a Republic again—what a gory history it has had!—and half a dozen other places as well.

TRULY an admirable panorama, and, fortunately, with the author's personality well in the foreground all the time—an absolute necessity for this kind of book if it is to keep well clear of Baedekerian blots. "A queer world," somebody said to him once; "half of it is comic opera." And perhaps that is true. But in the other half, even though the women remain only a side-show, and cinemas have made their appearance, and one is almost forced nowadays to drink cocktails in jungles, enough of romance remains. This is a singularly delightful book to read, and I have no fault to find with it, even though the Roman author Catullus is new to me, and I object on principle to photographs of executions.

IT was with a school story that Alec Waugh first made his reputation. He wrote *The Loom of Youth*, you may remember, when he was no more than seventeen. And it was, I am told, at that age that Priscilla Johnston wrote *The Narrow World* (Duckworth: 7*s*. 6*d*.). Now I do not suggest that Miss Johnston's book will raise up any sort of a rumpus such as followed the publication of Mr. Waugh's book. Nobody will say after reading it:

MISS PRISCILLA JOHNSTON

Whose book, "The Narrow World," is published by Duckworth. It is a novel of life in a girls' school

"Well, if this is the kind of thing that goes on at a girls' boarding-school, we shall have to think twice before sending dear Mary to such a place." But I do believe that she has written a not unremarkable book. There is a clear story, good portraits (though one or two of the edges are a little rough), and not much omitted that is essential.

WHAT schoolgirls themselves will say of it I do not know, but to the mere man it is not only piquant, but amusingly provocative. It is difficult, of course, not to be struck by the great differences between conditions in such a school as Miss Johnston describes and in one of the big public schools for boys. Why, I ask myself, is such a point made of the girls changing rooms every term? Why must the little "sets" be kept so watertight? And why should a powder-puff be treated as though it were a large lump of cocaine?

SUCH questions, however, may do no more than show my abysmal ignorance, and, after all, they have little enough to do with the literary qualities of a book. And this brings me to the story itself. Joyce, the heroine, is what you might call a good sort, not very clever, not very good at games, not, you gather, strikingly beautiful. In the ordinary way she would have passed through her school years without any triumphs, but also without any serious "rows." As it is she is in constant hot water, entirely due to the fact that she has taken for her friend a young woman, or "hag," to use the polite vernacular, who at sixteen is behaving like a Bright Young Thing of twenty-five. Nita, indeed, is a problem which seems to me to be well-nigh insoluble. As it is she nearly ruins poor Joyce, who comes to her senses only just in time.

(*Continued on page 240*)

DEWAR'S

WONDERFUL WHISKY—

"White Label"

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY—

"VICTORIA VAT"

How to Make MONEY at BRIDGE

VIII—WINNING ON BAD HANDS

By "ACES EASY"

LUCK, dealing out aces and kings, has an annoying habit of overlooking most of us most of the time, all of us some of the time, and (if we may believe the perennial grouser) some of us all the time. Yea, bo. But how is it that while the average man averages out, the expert (usually) is up on balance? Lenz says he makes the most and/or loses the least possible on every hand, and to do this should be the aim of every player of Bridge, Auction or Contract, as opposed to Bumblepuppy. And while it is exhilarating to make a grand slam by a grand coup or a game by a squeeze, yet, since the chances of doing this are rare, one is far more often given the opportunity to exercise skill with indifferent cards.

I SAW a hand quoted the other day where a man in the East position bid on a Yarborough divided three, three, three, four, in support of his partner's Spades over South's no-trumper and North's take out. On that particular hand he lost less by going down three than he would had he lost the rubber by yielding the contract to the opposition: and East was commended for good play. But such a hand should always be bid as a pass. Another hand, recently quoted, showed East raising his partner's defensive Spade bid to four, after South had called a Heart and North had jumped to four Hearts, on four small Spades, four small Hearts, five small Clubs, and Chicane in diamonds. He reckoned, correctly, that West was bare of Hearts, and consequently long in Diamonds. The players who passed allowed West to double four Hearts and defeat the contract by one trick instead of making grand slam in Spades.

IT is admittedly, in bidding rather than in play, that the good player holding a bad hand excels—but play counts, too. The other evening I enjoyed (?) one of those sessions when nothing would go right: every finesse was a loser; no suit would split; if I had a good hand my partner held eye-wash and viva voce! I was playing in a private house where duplicate Bridge was the rule, and I was very depressed to find myself losing 2,700 points at the end of the evening—until I discovered that the other player who had held my hands was losing 4,100. This is not cracking up my own Bridge at all, but it shows that the theory that "it doesn't matter how you play tripe" is all wrong.

ON one hand, for example, I had 6, 4, 3, 2 of the Diamonds my partner had opened against a two no-trumper, and in play I was marked on the eighth trick with the twelfth—and master—Spade. My partner, who had noted my discards—D4 on the first trick, D3 on the second (two full rounds)—was in with a Club. Having three Diamonds left he unhesitatingly led the five, put me in, let me make my Spade before running the last two of his suit, which I, of course, returned. We put the no-trumper down one; at the other table he made his contract. The net difference was 70 points.

LATER in the evening another hand showed a great difference in score. I held S—A, 2; H—7; D—A, Q, 7, 3, 2; C—J, 10, 8, 5, 4. I had called my two suits valiantly—against Spades. The final contract was four Spades with South. North had bid Hearts once; I sat East and my partner, having raised my Clubs, led the four of Diamonds. I put on my ace—Dummy holding jack to four. I then led a Heart into Dummy's ace-queen! South led the Spade from North for the third trick, and I went in with the ace and led back a Diamond; West ruffed and led the Heart jack, which I trumped. I led a third Diamond—to no avail, as my partner had but two Spades. But we defeated the contract by my unorthodox lead up to the major tenace. At the other table the Spade ace, the Diamond ace, and a Diamond ruff were all that could be made. Net difference, 211 points, as one scores no rubbers but 125 for game at duplicate.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 238*)

IT seems to me that this book is a very honest picture of modern school life. It has its dramatic moments, and there is no passage in it which had better been omitted. It suffers, of course, from its author being too near to her subject, and yet there is little that is callow about it. I fancy that most people will find it very well worth reading.

I COME to another first novel, also the work of a very young author, *Molten Ember* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Lindsey, is by no means a flawless production, but there are points about it which rouse one's expectations and do not altogether disappoint them. The opening is slow, but that is often the way. It is a little difficult, too, to understand what manner of man this Hugh Barford, who begins his career as a schoolmaster, though he has no need to work for his living, may be. Also, there is some carelessness in the writing, and one or two irritating mistakes.

ONCE, however, Hugh has taken Jenepher for his mistress the story progresses fast enough, and Mr. Lindsey shows us that he has something to say. And it is the new generation speaking, hard in its way, yet not illogical. The old values are going, but what of the new? And what sort of man will be capable of dealing satisfactorily with them? Not Hugh Barford, who leaves his school for the land, and finds it little enough to his liking. An ungracious fellow who, when the time comes, can leave Jenepher and the child she has borne him without a pang.

A TRAGIC affair, then, and yet not wholly depressing. I feel about this novel that the author felt bound to write it—always a good sign—but that it did not emerge as he had seen it in his mind's eye. But I also feel that it is the work of a man who is going to make himself heard, although that, perhaps, is not the best means of attracting people's attention to its merits. It is, however, sufficiently provocative and unusual, and I would not have you miss it.

TWO thrillers may also be mentioned. *Murder Yet to Come* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Isabel Briggs Myers, won a big prize in America, but is not so good as I had expected. Yet it certainly is a puzzle, and the reader who guesses the secret will have to be smarter than I was. There is also *The Murder on the Bus* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Cecil Freeman Gregg. In this book there came a moment when I fancied that the mere details of the sleuthing, by Inspector Higgins would be all that the story contained in the way of excitement, but here I was wholly wrong. There may seem very little to guess until you are well on in the story, but at the end one surprise follows another, and Mr. Gregg is to be congratulated on his ingenuity.

I MUST add a word about *Enigmas* (Allan: 12*s.* 6*d.*), Lt.-Commr. Rupert T. Gould's new and pleasantly provocative book. It follows very well on the same writer's *Oddities*. There always have been queer happenings, and there always will be, and while some of these are capable of "rational" explanation, others, seemingly, are not. Here, amongst other "difficult" affairs, the author discusses in his light-hearted but scholarly way abnormal longevity, strange sounds, the Martian "canals" and that old bug-bear the Philosopher's Stone. He is full of the unlikeliest information, and his footnotes must be seen to be believed.

R. S.

Miss Daisy Fisher, author of that lively novel *Piecrust*, which Murrays will publish shortly, is also the busy wife of Major Herbert Mason, M.C. She wrote verse and short stories as a schoolgirl, went on the stage at seventeen, and was with Sir Herbert Tree. Since her marriage she has resumed writing, and this latest story is a sympathetic presentation of the difficulties that surround the path of young love when two persons concerned have totally different temperaments.

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DOGS

Where the Best All Meet

By "The Kennelman"

ONLY a fortnight to run now before the opening of the world's biggest Dog Show: Cruft's International Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall on February 12 and 13. Separate classes will be provided for more than seventy breeds, so whatever your own pet variety, you are safe for the opportunity of studying its best living specimens at Cruft's. From the Orkneys to Land's End there's hardly an important kennel in which to-day the selected champions of their respective strains are not being fettled up for the testing parade at Cruft's. There will be a big entry of the different Gun-Dogs—Cockers, Retrievers, Spaniels, Setters and Pointers—for of late years their wonderful intelligence and many charms of character have made these keenest of canine sportsmen popular with thousands of owners who never handle a gun, apart from the increasing body of those who cherish them for their skill in their own particular job. Many of last year's puppies are now old enough for the judging ring, so Cruft's is pretty sure to bring changes in the Championships, and just those elements of the unexpected that give excitement to these spectacles.

AND, apart from the Dogs, what a forgathering it is of and for doggy humans! The official label of "International" is easily justified, for at Cruft's you hear half a dozen Continental languages spoken in the rings and beside the benches, not excluding Russian in the neighbourhood of the Borzois and some of the other Hounds; and visitors from the Dominions and from America—keen judges who don't omit to bring along their cheque-books—are always numerous. There are duchesses and gamekeepers' daughters among the handlers in the rings; and among the most interested examiners of the benches one finds ready for informing gossip veterans who have not missed this biggest of doggy tamashas since Victorian days. Some have actually exhibited for forty years in succession. It's a wonderful spectacle, and an invaluable school, for everyone who cares for Dogs; a great show, too, of everything connected with the feeding, housing, doctoring, training and equipment of Dogs.

Central Press

Mr. F. North's Bull Terrier, Cylva Bombardier, winner of fifty Firsts, including two at the National Terrier Show, where all the photographs on this page were taken, and fifty Seconds

Sport and General

Mr. F. Calvert Butler's Kerry Blue, Black Prince of the Chevin. Winner of two Firsts and Champion

Sport and General

Mr. J. W. Onion's Bedlington, Gardener's Perfection. It is the winner of three Firsts, Champion Silver Cup and a Special, being a most excellent example of its breed

Central Press

Rickettswood Noah and Rickettswood Betty, owned by Miss J. L. L. Buchler. The dog is the winner of three Firsts

NOW that January—licensing month—is closing, one can say with safety that most of the talk about legions of Dogs being sacrificed for lack of licence money is sheer rubbish. At the biggest of the Dogs' homes they will tell you the number of owner-less Dogs very rarely exceeds the number sought by would-be owners. With the increase in pedigree Dogs and the very desirable decrease in come-by-chance mongrels the homeless stray will tend to become rarer each year, and where such do exist euthanasia is a far happier solution than street scavenging. Seven-and-sixpence a year is less than twopence a week, and anyone who truly can't afford to spend that on a Dog assuredly can't afford to feed and keep one decently.

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H.P.

SHOOTING NOTES

THE GAMEKEEPERS' and BEATERS' SUPPER

Pacific and Atlantic

A GOOD RETRIEVE

Simon of Bawnoge, belonging to Major Beaumont at Littlecote Park, near Hungerford, brings in a bird!

By "Clodhopper"

EVERY M.F.H. and experienced fox-hunter appreciates the fact that such time-honoured events as Hunt dinners, and gamekeepers' and earth-stoppers' suppers, are largely responsible for the amity and goodwill which so generally obtains between hunting people and those of the agricultural class and of the land, who do so much towards making the premier of British field sports a "glorious possibility." I make use of the latter somewhat cryptic phrase advisedly, for without the goodwill of tenant farmers and the co-operation of keepers and earth-stoppers foxhunting would not be possible. On the other hand, the keepers' and beaters' supper would almost seem to have passed with the old order of proprietors and tenants of sporting estates. Yet one remembers that in pre-War days such bucolic social events often formed quite a jolly "wind-up" to a game-shooting season. Apart from the fact that it is a great pity that such rustic festivities should be allowed to fall into disuse by shooters of to-day, I have no hesitation in saying that the good old-fashioned gamekeepers' and beaters' supper and "sing-song"—especially with the Maister in the chair—not only cemented a closer tie between master and man, but it was also an incentive towards better keeping and less game-egg thieving and poaching on the former's preserves.

FOR some reason best known to themselves, a certain class of what might be called sportsmen of the modern school appear to consider it very much beneath their dignity to converse with a gamekeeper (personally I confess to having met more than one Scottish gillie who could have licked me into a cocked hat in either classics or mathematics) upon any subject bar game rearing and shooting, anent the practical side of which the former very often know precious little. While being a great believer in the old axiom "Familiarity breeds contempt," I will not believe that a sportsman loses caste in taking a humane interest in the being and welfare of the men to whom he pays a well-earned wage for keeping or beating, as the case may be. Nor will he be less served in not holding himself too much aloof from those whom Dame Fortune has decreed shall play a more humble, but by no means a less useful, rôle in the shooting field than himself.

Poole

Lady Brooke and Lady Rossmore at Rossmore Castle, in County Monaghan, on the occasion of Lord Rossmore's last covert shoot of the year. Lady Brooke is the wife of Capt. Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., C.B.E., M.C., who is the Junior Whip in the Northern Parliament of Ireland

It is a regrettable fact that season after season one witnesses more and still more discourtesy (I have heard it called snobbishness) from the younger generation of sportsmen to their subordinates in the hunting and shooting field. Hence these somewhat pointed remarks on the subject.

A GREAT deal of misunderstanding exists regarding the Assessment of Sporting Rights, demands for the payments of which have already been made by the rural authorities. As a matter of fact no rates on sporting rights need be paid by any shooting tenant unless such rights are let by deed. The majority of rate collectors appear to be at sea even anent this befogging rate. So much so, indeed, that I hear of demand notes being served, indiscriminately, upon landowners and farmers who lease the sporting rights over their land to shooting tenants, and also upon the tenants themselves. The most indignant rate-payer I have met for some time is an old retired fox-hunting and shooting farmer who—"to keep his eye in"—hires a few hundred acres of rough shooting in one parish and another bit in the next. He, good man, recently received a demand to pay 13*s.* 6*d.* for the privilege of shooting over land of the rateable value of £3 per annum, but upon which he has not fired a shot this season. These sporting rights he rents from a friend without a written agreement of any kind. "Danged if I pay a penny o' this yer' rate!" declared the old fox-hunter when the demand note for the same was thrust upon him by the local collector. And danged if I would either, unless I held sporting rights let by deed.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK

I MIGHT add, preferably take both locks and the rest of the gun besides, for at this juncture custom and necessity ordain a reminder that guns should be sent in to the maker for cleaning and overhaul. Punctuality is important because rust should not be allowed time in which to bite deeply into the surfaces where its attack has begun. The danger is not confined to moisture which may have penetrated the crevices on wet days; more important is the chemical effect of powder gas escaping round the cap and so gaining entry into the striker holes. Damage from this cause is not only very serious when certain foreign powders have been used but it seldom produces external evidence. As with clocks and watches, the working mechanism of guns needs a modicum of oil which cannot be usefully exceeded. The unction disperses and loses its virtue rather quickly and the instant that raw metal surfaces come into grinding contact—well, good-bye to the sweet trigger pull on which so much of your success depends. There is no need to recapitulate the sundry directions in which wear and tear manifests itself in guns. Fortunately, piecemeal remedial treatment is wonderfully effective. Neglected, wear and tear proceeds at an enhanced rate. Against delay is the risk that next season will arrive before anything has been done. The gun will do its best, but under conditions of handicap.

Fashions Fancies

A BRIDGE COAT OF UNUSUAL CHARM

Black satin is used by H. J. Nicoll, of 120, Regent Street, for this distinctive coat, which would transform the simplest frock into one suitable for important occasions. Long revers spring from the Medici collar, and a filigree clasp, set with opaque stones, harmonises with the gorgeous tones of the brocade

COAT-FROCKS WILL ARRIVE with the SPRING

Sunburn can never mar a complexion that is protected by the regular use of Larola

Larola keeps the skin smooth and radiantly healthy despite exposure to cold winds

By Olive Caley Smith

Of Masculine Inspiration

It used once to be said that only the Parisienne appreciated the true value of well-chosen accessories, but that is a statement which time has disproved. To-day the Englishwoman is an adept at selecting just those things which will enhance the salient points of her costume, for she has realised that a haphazard choice is usually an expensive one. Spring is the season when there is endless scope for originality, because after the long, dark days of winter touches of fresh colour on slender dresses are irresistibly attractive. It is predicted that the new coat-frocks will meet with great success. In many instances they have an inset slip which suggests a coat worn over a complementary dress, and in some tucks are used to simulate the hem of a threequarter length coat. Macclesfield tie silk, usually in pin-spot designs, is very distinctive and new. It tailors splendidly, and does not easily crush.

Petalled Cuffs

Practically every model has a collar and deep cuffs, with sometimes a vest as well, of light-hued crêpe de Chine satin, linen, or pique. Great charm was lent to a frock of green woollen crêpe by the addition of a petalled collar and gauntlet cuffs of white pique, the sections united by fagot stitching, while a brown and white tweed dress, bloused over a belt worn at the natural waist, had a Peter Pan collar and narrow turned-back cuffs of unstarched linen. Vests are a feature of the Spring suits and frocks. When the neck line is cut in a deep V narrow slips of white pique are inserted, running from the shoulders to its base, similar bands underlining the edge of the sleeves. Another idea is to insert a spade-shaped or oval vest of self material, decorating it with a row of small buttons, or it might be of formal bows fashioned in steel.

New Jewellery

The jewellery for the Spring is very definite in design. Long necklaces, some of them actually reaching the knees, inevitably accompany Princess gowns. They usually consist of very fine platinum chains strung with carved emeralds or rubies, spaced unevenly and rather far apart. Similar bracelets are wound round the forearm from the wrist almost to the elbow. Jewelled clasps are often worn in pairs, one on the hat and the other on the blouse or dress. In the evening they appear at the base of each shoulder strap.

Two practical and well-cut "Sammy" coats, which are guaranteed to be absolutely rainproof. Made of suède-like material, they are obtainable with inset or Raglan sleeves

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Delicate Complexions

Lovely clothes are of little avail if the complexion falls short of perfection, and so it behoves every woman to examine her skin minutely and to tend it with care. It can only be radiantly healthy if it is regularly cleansed, nourished, and toned. For these purposes Larola is excellent. Soft and milky, it sinks deep into the pores bringing all the impurities to the surface so that they can be easily removed. Furthermore, it feeds the skin and renders it impervious to climatic conditions, so that neither extremes of sunshine, overheated rooms, nor biting winds can redden it or make it rough. Obtainable practically everywhere in 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* bottles, it forms a splendid powder base, creating a thin protective film to which the powder adheres lastingly and evenly.

Fully Protected

To live in England and not to own a reliable waterproof is to court disaster! Sketched at the foot of this page are two very practical "Sammy" coats, which are guaranteed to be absolutely windproof and waterproof. Made of an exclusive suède-like material, which dry cleans like new, they are well ventilated and are backed with Scotch wool, which counteracts the condensation usually associated with mackintoshes. Each garment is cut separately, and the price is four guineas. The Standard model has an inset sleeve, but they may be procured with Raglan sleeves if desired. Both have expanding bellows pockets, which are very capacious yet never sag. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, a postcard should be sent to Andrew Baron, 62, Oxford Street, W.1.

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MOTOR NOTES

Miss Kitty Brunell and the 14/45 Mulliner saloon Talbot, supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd., for the Monte Carlo Rally which started on Sunday last. She is the youngest competitor, and in last year's Rally, in which she drove a Talbot, she was awarded a special prize in the Concours de Comfort, and was third in its class in the Mont de Mules Hill Climb

CARRYING THE FLAG TO MONTE CARLO

By E. M. Wright

EVEN as I write competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally are speeding through the night from every corner of Europe towards that little Mediterranean principality. In their efforts to amass marks, which are awarded largely on the distance covered, these hardy adventurers have chosen points 2,000 miles and more away from Monte Carlo from which to set out on a non-stop run at an average of twenty-five miles an hour, despite bad roads, despite snow and weather, and despite, too, an overpowering desire for sleep. Sundsvall, north of Stockholm, within two hundred miles of the Arctic Circle, and the most northerly point yet chosen, was favoured by no fewer than nine competitors, among them our redoubtable Mrs. Bruce. But Talinn, or Reval, in northern Esthonia, and John o' Groat's were easily the favourite starting points. Three sportsmen chose Athens, the farthest point of all from Monte Carlo.

***

WHAT tales will go the round of the tables in the Casino when these travel-stained adventurers reach their goal—tales of desperate struggles with snow and ice, of "crises" in the Balkans, and of frontier incidents! They are due to arrive this Wednesday—those who have won through. There will be others stranded "somewhere in Europe"; but that is part of the game. No fewer than 141 entries were received, a figure which smashes last year's record of ninety-three. The number of British competitors was larger than usual. Most of them, as is perhaps only natural, chose John o' Groat's as their starting point, but others went farther afield. At Sundsvall, Talinn and Athens—not to speak of other less remote spots—British drivers and British cars kept the flag flying. Fourteen different makes of British car were represented, in addition to both the Continental varieties of our most famous make of baby car. And these include examples of every type, from the largest to the smallest. It will be interesting, indeed, to learn how each has acquitted itself.

AND this brings me to the question — the question that is always asked on these occasions—what is the good of it all? Why start on a 1,800-mile journey from John o' Groat's at 3.30 in the morning in the dead of winter? Why drive night and day through strange lands over indifferent roads made a thousand times worse by snow and ice and every other winter adversity "just for a handful of silver, just for a ribbon to stick in one's coat"? To refer to the sporting aspect of these rallies when answering such sour critics is but waste of time. Yet the struggle to overcome all the difficulties I have enumerated above *is*, after all, a very sporting adventure. Quite apart from that, a car which can carry on night and day at a very fair average speed under the worst possible conditions has proved to the world that it is a good, sound car. Hence I take a two-fold interest in the Monte Carlo Rally. Our British drivers will more than maintain our sporting reputation, while the cars themselves will carry the good name of our motor industry to every country in Europe.

Toll of the Gales

THE toll of road accidents and fatalities during the gales which swept over Southern England during the early part of the month was unusually heavy. Indeed, the danger to life of falling trees—not to speak of the inconvenience caused by road blockages—may even tempt some to vote that our by-pass roads should remain as bare and windswept as they now are! From the cases reported in the Press the number of motorists who suffered injury either to themselves or their cars seems to have been particularly large. The pedestrian

Mr. E. von Rossauer (centre) with two of his passengers and the Graham-Paige saloon in which he competed in the Monte Carlo Rally Last year's Rally was won by Dr. J. J. van Eijk in a Graham-Paige

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

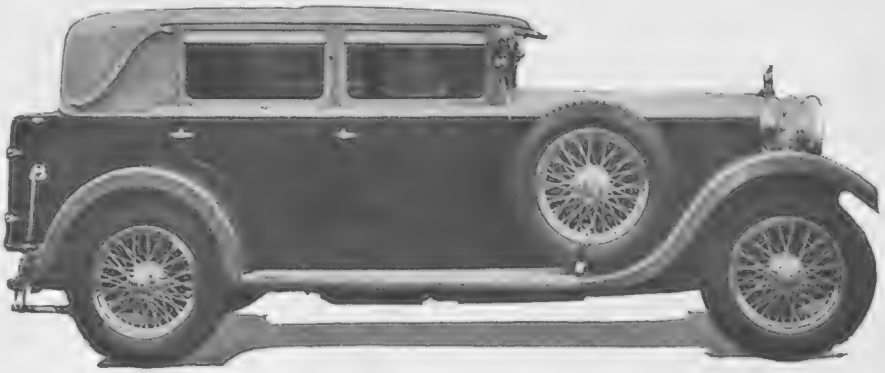
seems definitely to have scored over the motorist. Man's latest and most up-to-date means of transport involved drivers and passengers in accidents from which those who stuck to the primitive method of walking were comparatively immune.

***

THIS was specially noticeable where motor cycles were concerned, for there were several cases of accidents due to collisions with obstructions on the road; and in one instance both rider and the passenger on the pillion were killed outright. Falling trees were responsible for nearly all the accidents, though falling buildings took their toll, as, for example, at Ealing Green, where no fewer than six vehicles were wrecked when the wall and part of the roof of a garage blew down. In one case an elm crashed on a car with five people on board, and though the car was badly smashed no one was injured. Perhaps the most extraordinary type of accident was that in which pedestrians were blown bodily against passing vehicles. One woman was carried off the footpath into the side of a motor car, and another was blown right under a bus.

***

TRAFFIC in many parts was completely dislocated. Eight motor coaches and a number of cars were held up until the small hours of the morning near Guildford, and no less a dignitary than the Bishop of Exeter had to leave his car and crawl ignominiously under a fallen tree. One of the most amazing adventures was that of a motorist who literally sawed his way through from Brighton to Sutton. Taking a very involved and circuitous route in which he often found himself back on his own tracks, he found himself stopped by an uprooted tree near Handcross. On turning back he discovered he was trapped, as another tree had fallen behind him. Nothing daunted he bought a saw for 5s., and with the help of two lorry drivers cut through the tree. His journey took him exactly seven hours.



One of the many British entries in the Monte Carlo Rally is this remarkably handsome Sunbeam in which Mr. L. V. Cozens, the Sunbeam Sales Manager, started from John o' Groat's. The chassis is one of the standard 20 h.p. models, and the body a Weymann saloon with sliding roof. The equipment is complete to the last detail

That London Taxi

IN my Notes some months ago I had some rather unflattering things to say about the appearance of the London taxicab. "Monstrous relics of a barbarous age," "eyesores, stunted and deformed at birth," and "an insult even to the most advanced cubist art" were, if I remember rightly, a few of my happier efforts at description. Now as the result of this outburst I have been treated to a free ride in a new type of taxi, the body of which, besides being quite a good-looking affair, and for a taxi a positive peacock among jays, incorporates some very interesting new features of design. It is the "Cape" taxi body which has been designed and patented by Mr. W. Gowan, of Cape Town, South Africa. Incidentally, it has passed all its official tests and now has the blessing of Scotland Yard.

***

STRUCK by the awkwardness and possible danger of the normal type of door which swings outwards, Mr. Gowan has evolved a body with no doors at the side. You enter from the front by means of *sliding* doors on either side of the driver's seat. This novel idea has many advantages not only for taxi bodies but also for large private saloon cars.

E. M. W.

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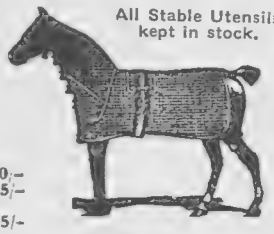

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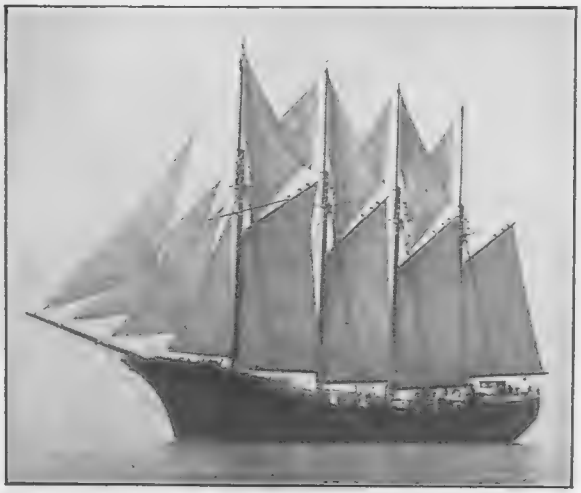

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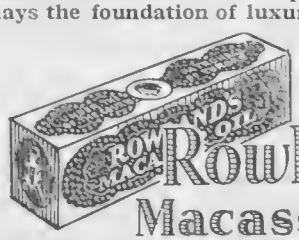

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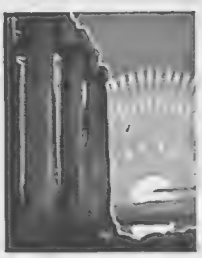

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The menu of an attractive dinner which was served in the Grill Room of the May Fair Hotel at 8s. 6d. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager of the Grill Room, M. A. Rossi

Tournedos à la Bordelaise

CUT up about 2 lb. of fillet of beef into eight neat oval slices, trim, and season them with salt and pepper, and cook them in butter in a sauté-pan over a good heat; turn the slices frequently after they have become slightly browned. Take up the fillets and put them in a hot dish. Pour off the fat in the pan and add a gill and a half of Bordelaise sauce. Heat up and pour over the fillets. Bordelaise sauce is a brown sauce with claret, shallots and chopped parsley.

French Stuffed Pheasant

SEASON and stuff the bird with chopped oysters well seasoned, and sprinkle with parsley. Put a small piece of butter inside the pheasant, and place it in a baking pan. Cover with thin slices of bacon and add a little hot water, and bake in a hot oven. Serve with toast.

Herring Roes and Mushrooms

FRY some rounds of toast in butter, season well with pepper and cayenne: on each round place half the soft roe of a herring which has been lightly fried, and on the top of this one fried mushroom. Serve very hot.

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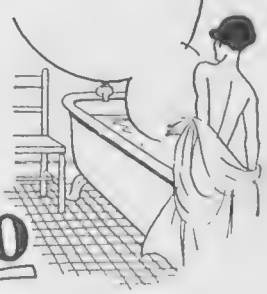

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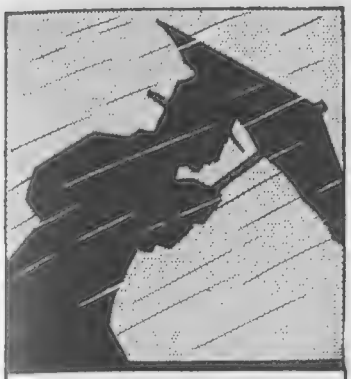

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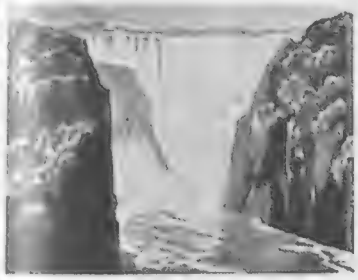

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When the question of masculine clothes arises the Englishman's dictum is never questioned, for he is an acknowledged leader. Because he is so well served his judgment is sound, and to win his approbation a garment has to be irreproachable in every respect. He has inevitably set the seal of his approval on the extremely smart "Milwata" weatherproof illustrated on this page. It is called the "Duke," and, made of double-texture mackintosh in white, putty, or buff shades, it is single-breasted, and cut on generous lines. Even the heaviest rain cannot penetrate it. Another interesting point in its favour is the price—for it is available from 42s. The "Point-to-point" is similar, except that it has a saddle flap, and can therefore be used for riding. Should it be preferred, these garments may also be procured in gabardine.

Striking examples of modern art silverware. The pieces seen above were recently presented to the Corporation of Lloyd's by the Brokers of Lloyd's

Interesting Presentation of Modern Plate to the Corporation of Lloyd's

The Corporation of Lloyd's has recently been presented by the Brokers at Lloyd's with some very fine modern art silverware, which without doubt will enhance their already valuable and historical collection of plate. As will be seen from our illustration, the pieces are excellent examples of modern craftsmanship and design. The centre tazza, which measures 14¾in and weighs 140.30 ounces, shows definite points of originality. This piece was designed by Fernand Piret. The rose bowl, which has a diameter of 10¾in. and weighs 67.10 ounces, was designed by Mr. Harold Stabler. Both these pieces were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.1. The two other covered tazzas, height 11½in., diameter 9¼in., weight 73.50 ounces each, mounted with amethyst tops, have an interesting treatment of the arms of Lloyd's. They were designed by Mr. W. Brewer for Messrs. Elkington and Company, Ltd.

The "Milwata" mackintosh seen above is called the "Duke." It is a thoroughly practical garment for race meetings or Town wear

Helping the Children

In reference to the excellent work being carried out by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which appeared in our issue of January 1, it was stated that no fewer than 1,958 cases were dealt with last year. This was incorrect, for actually the number of cases dealt with reached the enormous total of 100,958. All those who can possibly do so should help this splendid Society by sending a contribution to the Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

A List of English Clubs

We have recently received "Clubs" for 1930. This is the 38th annual edition, edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh, and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd. The information contained in it extends to about 3,950 clubs, spreading over London, the Provinces, the British Empire, and the rest of the world that is frequented by the British. There are no fewer than 1,750 golf clubs, to which special attention has been given; the number includes 250 ladies' golf clubs. An alphabetical index to provincial clubs is of great assistance for reference purposes. The book is printed in a very clear type and handsomely bound in red cloth. The price is 7s. 6d., or 7s. 10d. post free.

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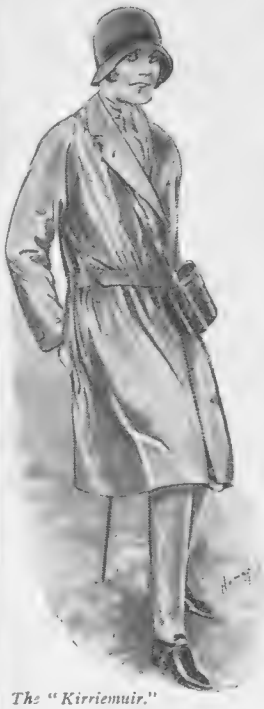

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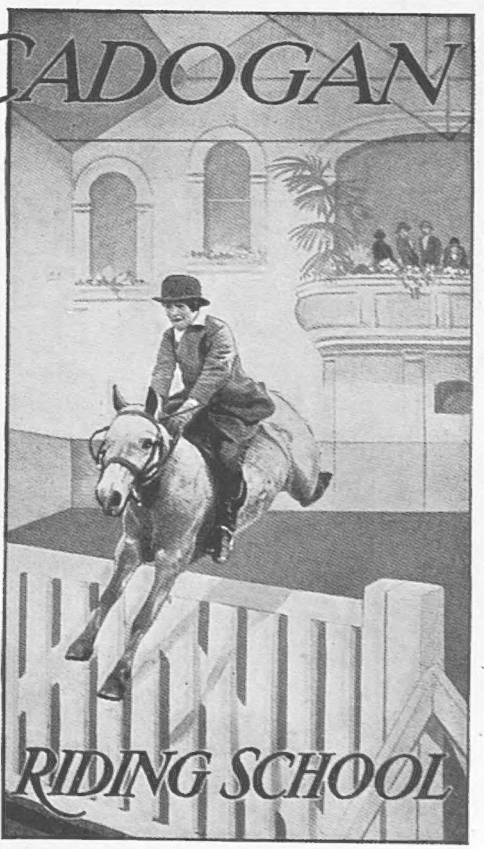

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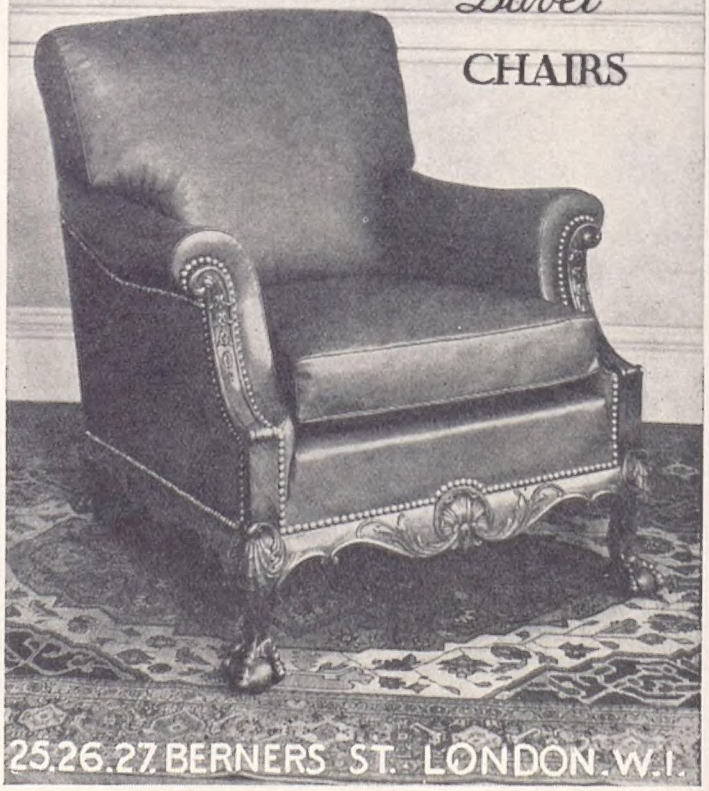

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IT'S A LONG LIST

— BUT WE WANT YOU TO KNOW

The Editor of BRITANNIA & EVE is no weather prophet, but when he planned the February issue he made full allowance for a goodly quota of long, cold, damp, dreary evenings. He has set out to entertain you on such occasions with features astoundingly original and profoundly interesting.

Every bookstall and every bookseller will have the February issue for your inspection on February 1st. Make a point of looking through it, and we are certain you will buy it. The *modern day* stories are in BRITANNIA & EVE.

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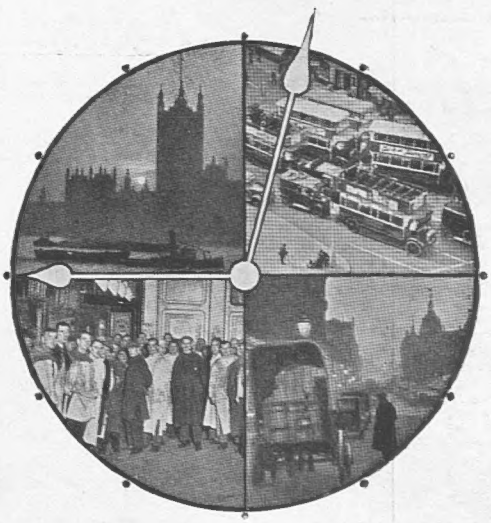
"CHILDREN OF LUCIFER" by Iris Tree
"HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL" by Lord Birkenhead
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY" painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"MISS LUCY'S TWO VISITORS" by Marjorie Bowen
"THE A.B.C. OF SOCIAL CLIMBING" by Derek Coventry Patmore
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES" described by Peggy Fremantle
"WHY NOT LET OUR ACTORS ACT" by Ruth Teazle

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS ELIZABETH

celebrates her fourth birthday on April 21st. Two of the newest photographs of Her Royal Highness, hitherto unpublished, are reproduced in photogravure. These charming camera studies are well worthy of preservation.

"THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE" by Arnold Palmer
"THE MOVIE FINGER WRITES . . ." by Sydney Tremayne
"OUR DISTANT COUSINS" by Lord Dunsany
"BETTER BREAKFASTS" by Catherine Ives
"ECONOMY IN SPACE AND DETAIL" by Madge Garland
"WE ARE ALL YOUNG ONCE" by May Edginton
"POISONED TONGUES" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE HISTORY OF THE BED" by Eric Dighton
THE HIGH WATER-MARK OF FASHION
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
"THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"POKER FIST . . ." by Robert Saudek
"THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC" by Guy Gilpatric
"DISTEMPER" by Violet Small
"ACTIVITY IS THE LAW OF LIFE" by Margaret Gaye
"YOUR DUTY TO YOUR HAIR" by "Chrysis"
"HOCKEY" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON MATCH-PLAY" by Alice M. Cooke
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme
THE 'EVE' GOLF COMPETITIONS
"SHALL WE DRIVE A LITTLE FASTER . . ." by the Earl of Cardigan
"THE NEW 25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE"
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
"THE FUN FAIR"
'BRITANNIA & EVE'S' PAPER PATTERN SERVICE



Diana Bourbon contributes her second article on "HOW THE REST OF THE WORLD LIVES." If you would know, do not miss this series on any account. Go with the writer from the glare of the West to the gloom of the East—and all that lies between.

In the February Issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

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